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SEPTEMBER, 1962

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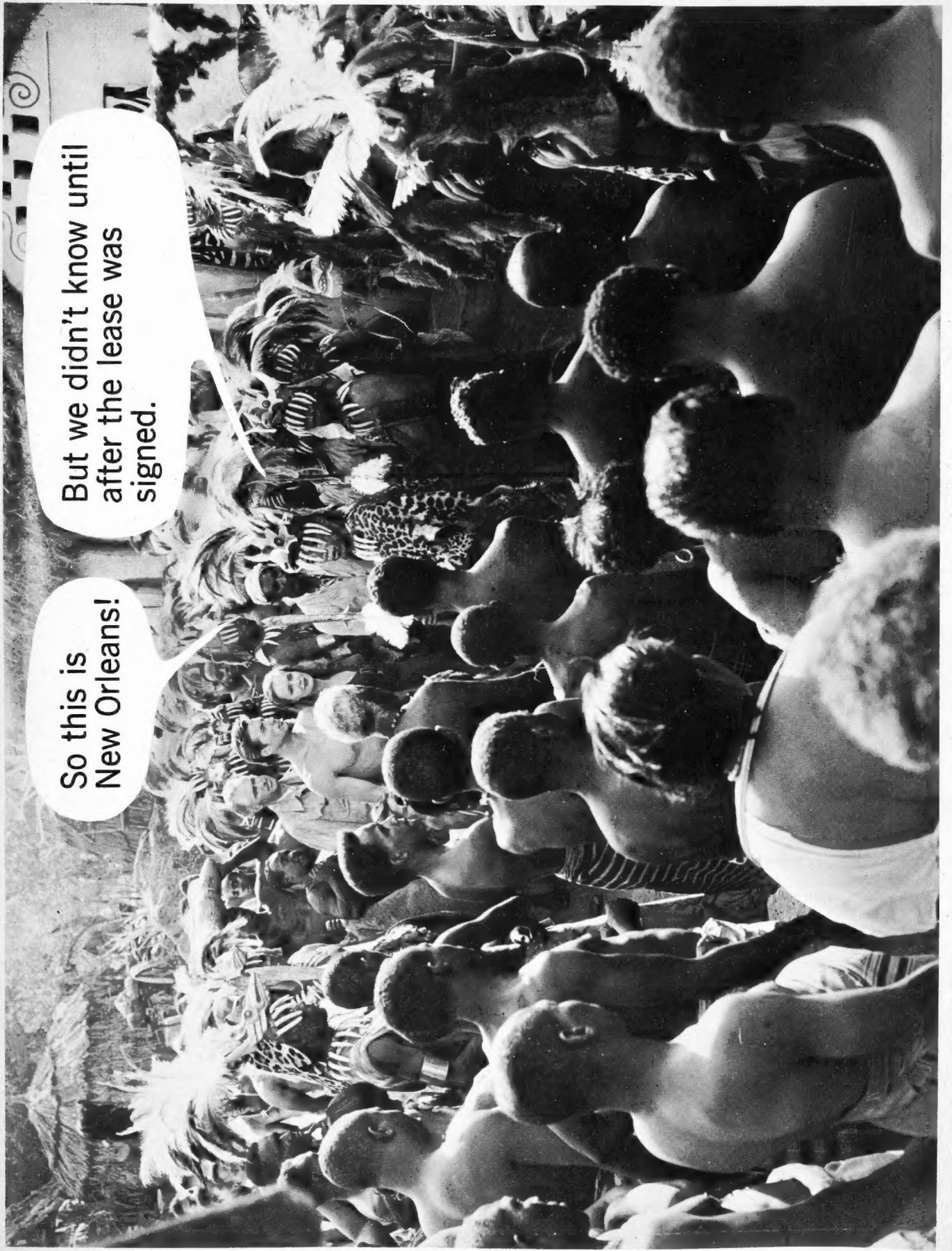
The Magazine that Keeps America Laughing

**WHY DOES OUR
THANKSGIVING
ISSUE COME OUT
IN AUGUST???**



So this is
New Orleans!

But we didn't know until
after the lease was
signed.





THE AGENT

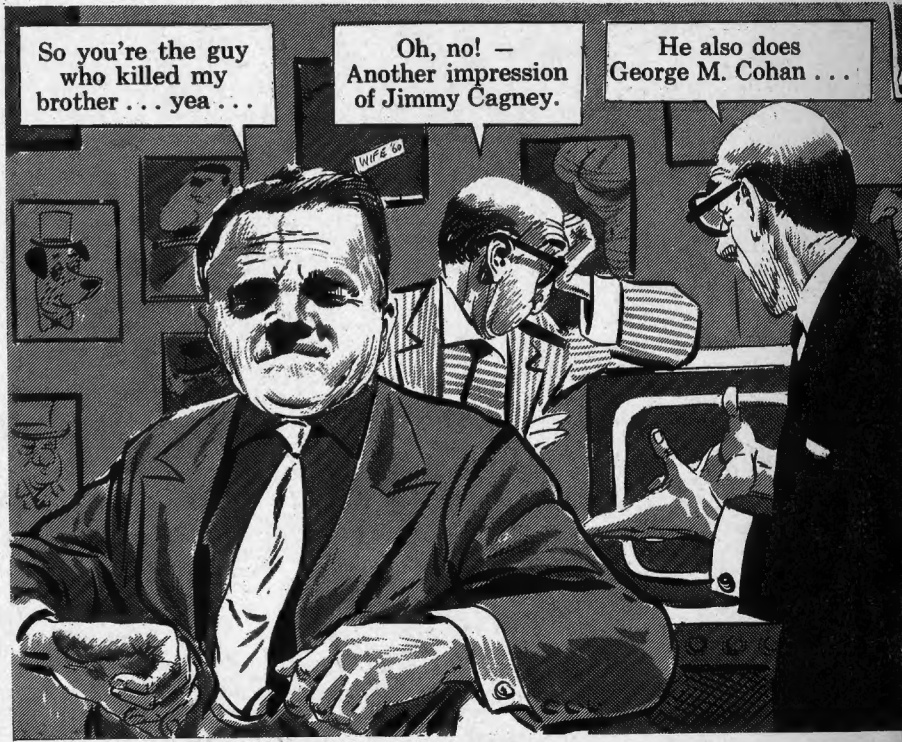
Entertainment

SCENE: Jimmy Cagney walks into a booking agent's office.



Sol, this is a brand new talent.

Let's see what he can do.



So you're the guy who killed my brother ... yea ...

Oh, no! — Another impression of Jimmy Cagney.

He also does George M. Cohan ...

Jacqueline Kennedy's successful White House tour on TV may lead to more TV tours of famous houses by well-known personalities—

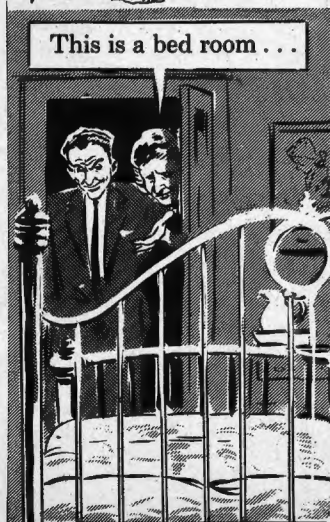


HOUSE TOUR



Here is Miss Polly Adler, author of the book "A House Is Not a Home"...

Good evening, and welcome to my house. This is a sitting room.



This is a bed room ...



This is a bed room ...



This is a bed room ...



This is a bed room ...

Sickcerely yours

Dear Gentlemen:

Now I understand why you call it SICK.

Bill Waas
1729 South East 11th Street
Pompano Beach, Florida

ED: Call what SICK?

Dear Sirs:

Having purchased a copy of SICK's March issue, the other day, I'd like to tell you that it isn't a bad magazine, really. But as an Austrian, living in Australia, it is my opinion that you're sick-informed too, for you're the first to put Austria behind the Iron Curtain. It certainly has never been there. It is a free, democratic country without any red tendencies. (ED: Who have you been talking to—the CIA?) Even the last three Communists were thrown out of the Parliament, by free vote, of course. With the exception of NAZI-parties, Austria has no restrictions for any party whatsoever, because it simply doesn't need it—which is quite unique in today's world. Concerning your December issue—Gomolka is not from Hungary but Poland and Erhard is not from East Berlin but from West Germany and he is Minister of Economics which is quite a different thing.

Walter Hinterberger
Hawthorn, Australia

ED: We know that. We were just trying to trap you.

Dear Sick:

I loved your article on Marty Allen and Steve Rossi, because Marty Allen is my favorite comic.

Sincerely,
Steve Rossi
15549 La Maida Street
El Cino, California



Dear SICK:

I loved your article on Marty Allen and Steve Rossi, because Steve Rossi is my favorite singer.

Sincerely,
Marty Allen
Concord Hotel
Kiamesha Lake, New York

P.S. Did you get Steve's letter?

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Dear Sirs:

This quotation — "We know a bloke who used to write love letters in the sand. Last year he married a Camel" is practically a reprint from an earlier edition, which contained your story on Rudolph Valentino. If I remember correctly, you said that he wrote love letters in the sand, and received a reply from a camel. Surely, you blokes realize that the first time you publish an article it is purely SICK (Hilarious) humor. The second time it drives you up the wall.

At least, I was glad to see that you do publish overseas letters, otherwise I wouldn't be wasting my time and ten pence. If you are game enough to publish this, would you be kind enough to sign it—"Guglielmo, Queensland Aust?" Please.

Thanks for spending your time with an Aussie. I hope someday we'll put out a magazine here to compare Aussie and American humor. The best of luck.

Gary Watkins
57 Carmody Street
Townsville, Queensland
Australia

ED: We heard of a guy who tried to park his camel at the 55th Street Theater in New York because there was a sign there which said: "CAMELOT."

SICKIES:

I think you have a great magazine. In the June issue of SICK, I liked the part "How the Japs Lost the War." I liked "Seventy" also. I got every issue of SICK and all of them were great. Your jokes about President Kennedy are always very humorous.

Dave Caldwell
32-45 79th St., Jackson Heights
N.Y. 70, N.Y.

ED: You think our jokes on JFK are funny? Would you swear to that in front of a Senate Investigating Committee?

SICK:

MAD is ten years old this year—are you going to the party?

Leonard Toberoff
345 East 65th Street
New York, N. Y.

ED: That was an invitation their lawyer sent us?

Dear SICK:

Today I bought a copy of your magazine. I find it most comforting to see that I am not the only person who has a twisted mind. However, I must point out that here in England we have a paper very much the same. It's called "The Times." I wish to point out that in this country we can still remain SICK.

Robert G. Turner
16 Collington Avenue
Bexhill-on-Sea
Sussex, England

ED: What's this Bexhill-on-Sea jazz? We bet you have knights deering-do in your living room.

Hello Dere:

I like Marty Allen and Steve Rossi too. Here's my nomination for an Academy Award. Best miscasting—Wilt Chamberlain as David and Mickey Rooney as Goliath in "A rolling stone gathers no moss, but one shot from a sling shot can kill you."

Mike Ruth
48 Broad Street
Newark, N. J.

ED: Who said we like Allen and Rossi?

Dear Sirs:

Let's try to get down to the difference between you and MAD. (1) It's been in existence much longer than you and therefore has earned more fans. (2) Your humor and outlook is almost completely different. Although you both build from the base called humor, there are some detours along the way for both of you. (3) I like your art. (I remember Powell when he did work for the old comics and I'm yearning to see that style come back). All in all I see no major difference between SICK, MAD, CRACKED and HELP in as much as they all provide a good laugh, which of course is a much needed element of today's hectic world.

Bernie Bubnis Jroll
65 Walnut Avenue
Farmingdale, L.I., N.Y.

ED: We heard of MAD but what are those other magazines?

SICK:

We have just had a heated discussion in which many tempers flared up over one of your caricatures. First of all—can you consider John F. Kennedy a celebrity? Secondly, can you identify



the person in the picture encircled. It would put many arguing minds at rest.

Pfc. Richard J. Furrer
YS56327330
Co C, 18 Inf., 1st Bat. Gp.
APO 28, New York, N.Y.

ED: First of all, John F. Kennedy is the President of the United States. Maybe you didn't know that. Leo Morey isn't a celebrity but he almost was President of the United States. You never heard of him, but if he had made President, you would have heard of him. Secondly, we never give out individual answers to our contest caricatures. This would not be fair and honest. Besides which, no one here knows who the hell that caricature is but Leo Morey and he hasn't answered his phone since he lost the presidency.

Dear SICK:

I just wanted to throw in a few kind words (very few) about your magazine. The gang around our neighborhood go down to the newsstand and buy SICK and MAD. We had a vote on which to waste our money on. Guess what? They voted to buy SICK as the most popular magazine around here. Well, I guess the gang will be buying SICK from now on, so keep up the good work. SICK had to win because I cheated on the votes. So now, around here, SICK is the magazine of the year, 100%.

Butch
10066 N. St. Clair
Painesville, Ohio

ED: Where were you when Leo Morey was running for President?

Dear SICK:

How come you make fun of the President and his family? Don't you know any better? I'm sick of your other stuff too. I would sign my name, but I don't know how, so I'll just sign my initials.

Yours sincerely,
J.F.K.

ED: HE'S going to start bugging us again.

Gentlemen:

I like your sick magazine that keeps America laughing. I think it is a very funny magazine. On Page 27 you have an ad that says you have a book named: "How to Come On Real Cool." I would like to have a copy of this book.

Robert Stedman
R.R. 3
Waupaca, Wisconsin

ED: Bob, don't believe our ads — we don't.

Dear:

My sister bought me the June issue of SICK mistaking it for the real thing. (We've read that magazine—"The Real Thing.") In my opinion your magazine is the cheapest, loudest, and the crummiest on the market. (You forgot dirtiest.) Three cheers for Ward Moore who wrote a similar letter. I dare you to print this!

David Reynolds
30 Smull Avenue
Caldwell, New Jersey

ED: We don't print crank letters, fella, and that goes for your idiot sister too.

DEAR SIR:

We were very much interested in the "Welcome Wagon" comic strip which appeared in your June issue under the heading "Soviet Mission Takes New Quarters" with art by Ernest Schroeder, and seek your permission to reproduce it in our company publication "Field to Field." Thank you again for your interest and any courtesies you may extend.

Kathleen Russell
Associate Editor, Publications,
Welcome Wagon International



Dear Sirs:

Re: "The Mystery of Amelia Earhart" in the June issue of SICK: As an Amelia Earhart fan, I feel somewhat obliged to correct a few slight errors in the article. The sole bi-plane Amelia owned after she became famous was an English Moth Avro-Avian, which she had for a short time in 1928. Thereafter, she flew only monoplanes. The plane she disappeared in was a large Lockheed Electra twin-engine transport. It would have been rather difficult for the man in the supermarket to stick his head through a wing, as the plane was entirely constructed of metal (with the exception of the wheels, windows, and seats, which were, I need not add, rubber, glass, and leather respectively). The single-engine monoplane from which you pictured lingerie flapping in the breeze was the red Lockheed, "Vega," in which Amelia flew the Atlantic, solo. The Vega was bought by and suspended from the ceiling of the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia in 1932, five years before the disappearance. (Which disappearance? — ED) Except for the fact that this subject is hardly an acceptable subject for joking, SICK managed to turn out a rather good article.

Miss Camille A. Paglia
143 Melbourne Avenue
Syracuse 3, N. Y.

ED: It might interest you to know that in 1932 when the people of the Franklin Institute hoisted Earhart's Lockheed, Vega, to the ceiling, SICK's publisher was in the crowd and commented: "And they said it would never get off the ground."

Dear Tranquilizer Consumers:

Take note: June issue, Page ten; It's the United States' National Anthem, not the American. Page 12, you spelled abominable, as adominable. Page 19, "The Killer" you named both men Burgess. Page 25 — Biplane is not hyphenated.

Dale Crim
2045 Gray Street
Schenectady, N. Y.

ED: Congratulations, Dale, you spotted all our June mistakes, put there to test the accuracy, awareness and spelling ability of SICK readers. This qualifies you to buy the August SICK and try your luck again.

SICK Editor:

Regarding the cover of your June SICK—the window washer or some one must have rearranged the furniture in the room. Heh? Oh, what's the difference.

—Observant Ike

ED: Did Mamie tell you to write us? Actually, the furniture has not been rearranged — the room has.

Dear SICK:

Today, for the first time, I read your magazine. I enjoyed it so much that I read about half of it aloud to my mother and my friends. Do you know what they're doing now? They're calling the nuthouse. Seriously, my mother really enjoyed it. I just thought of something — could you possibly send me a bust of someone on your staff? I would be more than happy to send you two or three dollars for it.

Delores E. Mann
709 Virginia
Gary 2, Indiana

ED: Sorry, Dolores, the only member of our staff who has a bust is our telephone operator and she won't let it go for two or three dollars.

Dear Sir:

In this age of atomic bombs and supersonic aircraft, do you expect the British generation to further their education by reading this rubbish? Maybe Americans read SICK and perhaps suffer from chronic lack of humor. If you must print this, don't make fun of British films and personalities. Several people submitted their signatures in agreement. We'd like to have your views. SIGNED: D. Barrass, M. D. Vaughan, J. Brewer, J. Hyde, D. Raith, A. B. Fillet, B. Harman, Peter Hydall, Ken Clark, W. Osborne, Clive Fankhurst, J. Mumford, Rog Hill, Graham Hodges, Chris Crooks, Treve Davies, Jonah Murray, Anthony Foster, B. Jones, D. Jones, Barry Cardwell, Graham Wood, Malcolm Wood, Douglas Wanhug, I. C. Clark, Peter Griff, H. Hargreaves, K. H. Pherson, H. Stones, P. Spenceley, K. Goomes, G. Tragwell, Robin Bright, Frank Barrett, Brian Skiff Roger Benson, Chris White, J. Medbury, P. Paine.

2 Heathview Gardens
Essex, England

ED: Why don't you form a club? You forgot about the Revolutionary War already?

Dear Complex-Filled Editors:

Being of reasonably sound mind, I would like to make the following statement.

1. Your artwork is fair.
2. Your satire is brilliant.
3. Your audacity is unbelievable.

Robert Fauteaux
10 Washington Ave.
Hyannis, Mass.

Cartoon Editor:

I've been making fairly regular sales to various house organs and trade publications. I wish to enter into the higher paying fields and would like very much to submit some of my work to your magazine.

Troy Cooper
Tamal, Calif.

ED: We're in the lower paying field.

Dear SICKIES:

In your June issue of SICK you said in your article on the Peace Corps that the Lancer is made by Ford when it is made by Dodge and that it retails for four thousand dollars when it retails from \$1,900.00 to \$2,400.00. So what have you got to say?

Timothy Ware
Lincoln, R. I.

ED: We were referring to "The Bengal Lancer" which was made by John Ford, idiot!



Algiers:

SICK

Volume 3—Number 1 September, 1962

FEATURES . . .

KENNEDY FAMILY . . .

JFK has asked Secretary Goldberg to investigate all disaster areas in the U.S. They'll start with both houses of Congress . . . 7

THE TUNNEL . . .

SICK digs into the story of a tunnel in Italy. If you want dirt, Italy's the place to find it. One SICK reporter interviewed Mussolini for two hours before he realized he was talking to Il Duce's feet . . . 14

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS . . .

Peter Lawford wanted to buy Dean Martin a birthday present, but he didn't know how to wrap-up a saloon . . . We were surprised to see TV's maid, Hazel, at the Emmy Awards. We thought she just got Thursdays and every other Sunday off . . . 17

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ONE MAN'S FAMILY
(Episode Four)
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"MY FRIEND HIMMLER"
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DIRTY BUSINESS
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Art Director

BILL MAJESKI
and
BILL DIXON
Contributing writers

ONE MAN'S FAMILY

EPISODE
FOUR

Our favorite TV show is the "Kennedy Situation Comedy" all about JFK and his wife and two children — the family which lives in the house halfway up the next block. That is, if you live in the Hall of Records. As we join the Kennedys today, Mrs. Kennedy has just returned from a trip to India.



Miss me, Dear?

Yea, I couldn't wait until you got home so I could spend a few hours with you before I send you off to China. How are things in India? Is Nehru going to do something about the Chinese?

No, not until he gets his laundry back. What have you been doing, Dear?

Well, U.S. Steel was bugging me—they wanted to raise prices. I sent Goldberg to talk them out of it.

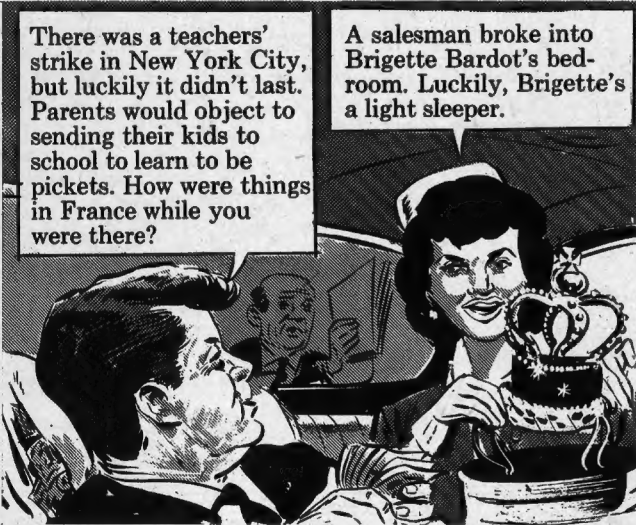
Goldberg? I thought he was only friends with labor leaders.

No, some of his best friends are capitalists.



There was a teachers' strike in New York City, but luckily it didn't last. Parents would object to sending their kids to school to learn to be pickets. How were things in France while you were there?

A salesman broke into Brigitte Bardot's bedroom. Luckily, Brigitte's a light sleeper.



Oh, she wakes easily?

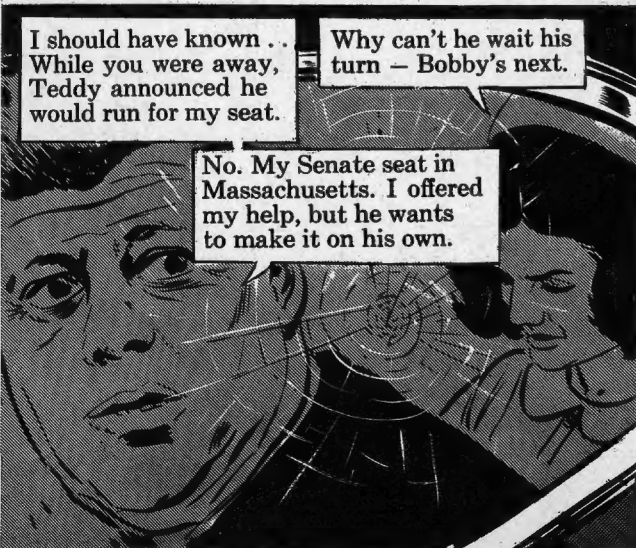
No, a light sleeper — she sleeps with the light on.



I should have known . . . While you were away, Teddy announced he would run for my seat.

Why can't he wait his turn — Bobby's next.

No. My Senate seat in Massachusetts. I offered my help, but he wants to make it on his own.



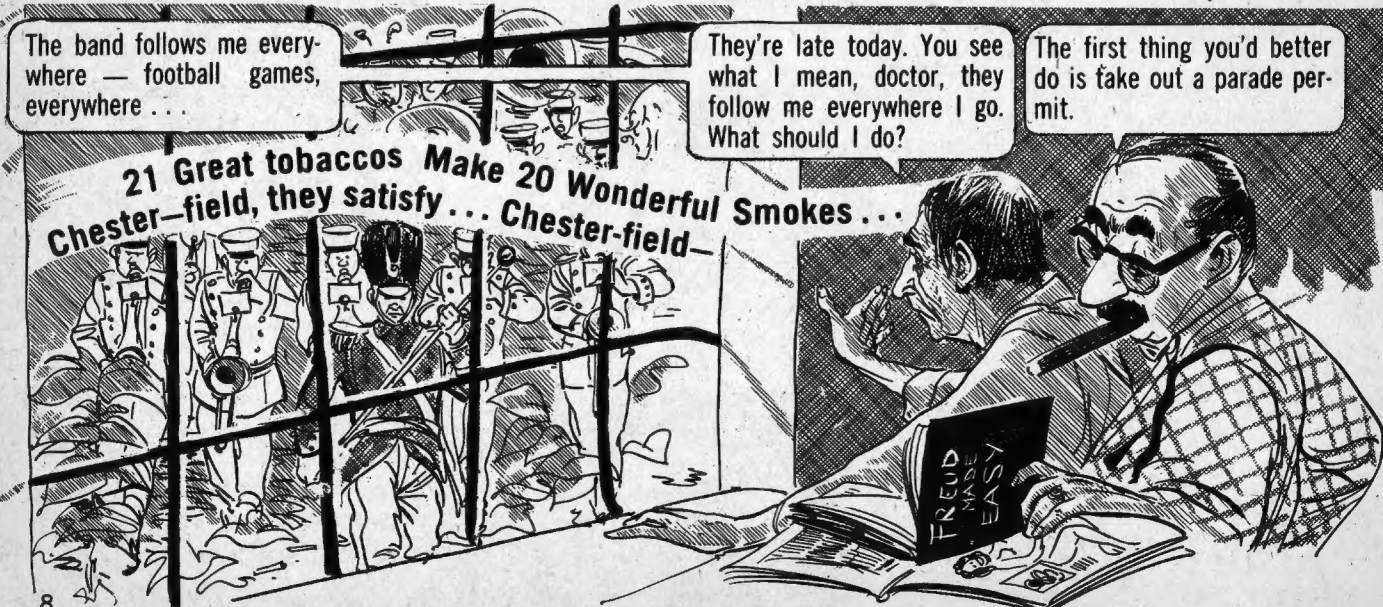
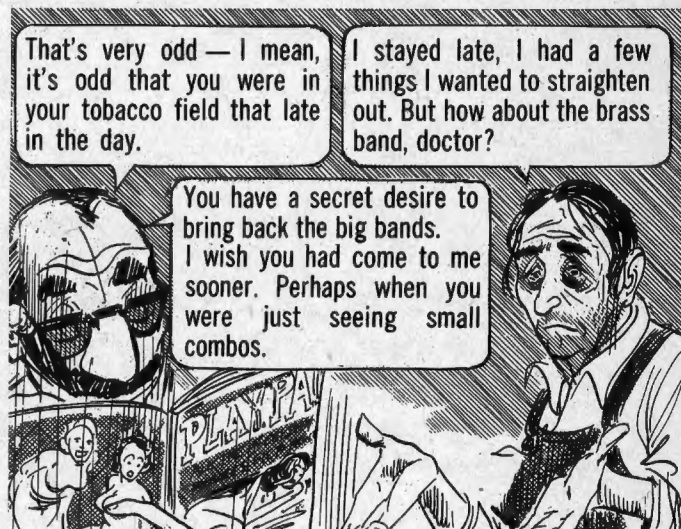
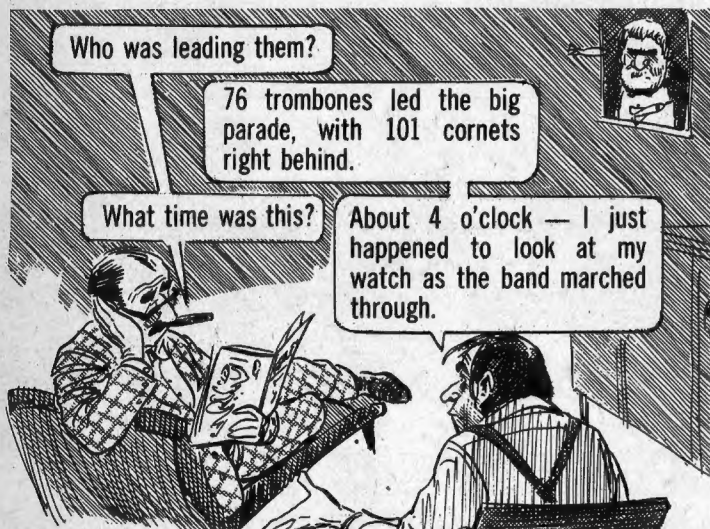
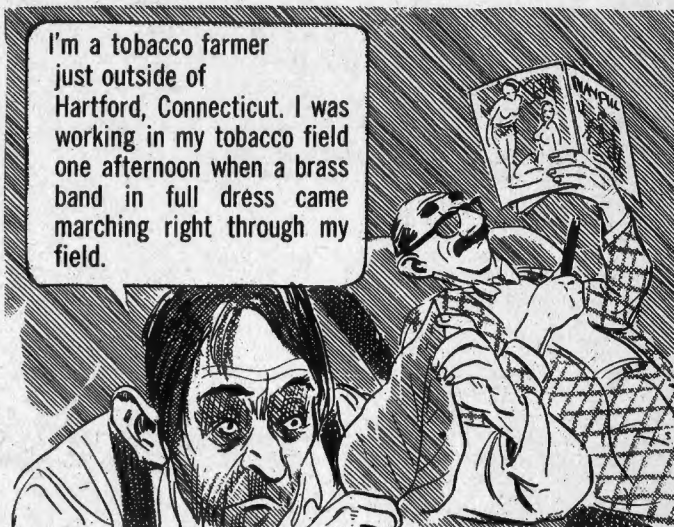
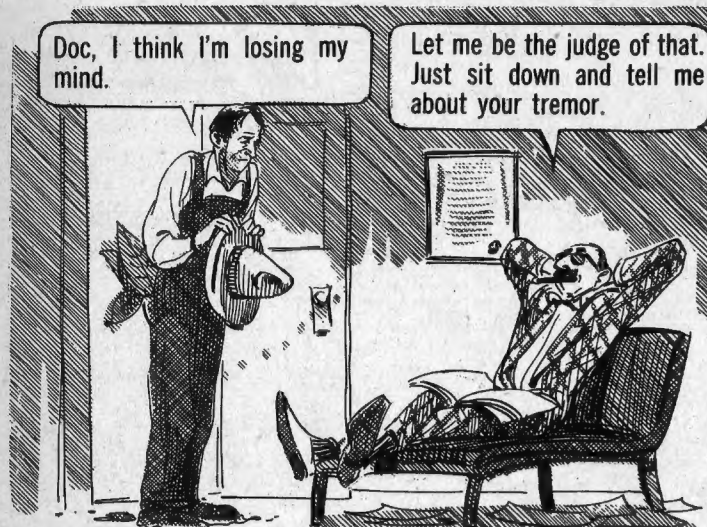
What's his campaign slogan?

"Remember Big Brother Is Watching You!"



SICKIATRY

SCENE: Psychiatrist's office. Man enters in farmer's clothes.



SICK-NIFICANT NEWS

The trouble with serious news is that people take it seriously. That's why wars are started. The world is in dire need of laughter. The funniest things happening these days are the situations in Washington. President Kennedy was being criticized for drinking alcoholic beverages in the White House, but he couldn't help himself. Everytime JFK touches a glass of water it turns to wine.

Besides the Kennedy laughs, there's the Billy Sol Estes situation which inspired SICK to this poem:

**My name is Billy Sol Estes,
I better give back the loot,
Or I'll be the first guy to
go to prison
In a Nieman-Marcus suit.**

Oh, sure Jimmy Hoffa's boxing career handed us a few laughs as did Tab Hunter, allegedly trying to smuggle rare art objects into the country. If Tab is as good an alleged smuggler as he is an alleged actor, he'll get caught. Nixon said he would debate with Brown in the Governor's race in California. Nixon has already picked out the kitchen.

There was a guy last week in Scotland who claimed little men from Venus landed in his backyard. He was asked his reaction and replied: "I was shocked—I couldn't believe it. I don't have a backyard."

Here is our interpretation of current headlines...

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS—

Here is Texas cotton tycoon, Billy Sol Estes.

Tote that barge, lift that bail —

Mr. Estes, you wrote a book about your life — what is it called?

"How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying."



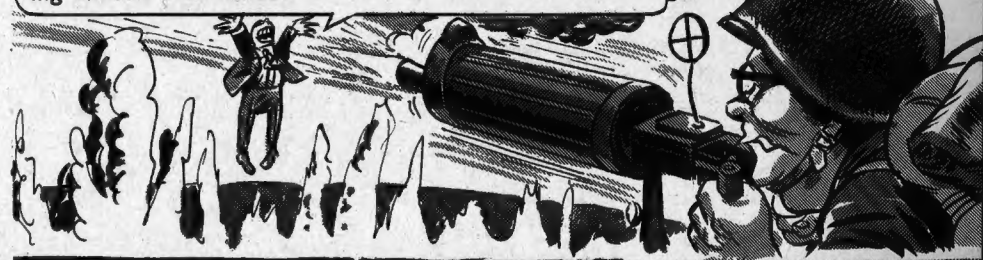
Sir, you are being investigated by the Agriculture Department, two Congressional Investigating Committees and the FBI. Why isn't the CIA investigating you?

Because the CIA can't find me.



An Agriculture Department investigator was found dead with four bullet holes in his chest and the coroner called him a suicide. How can a man commit suicide by shooting himself four times?

He used a machine gun.



You've been charged with 46 counts of fraud, misappropriation of funds, and bribery of government officials. Do you think the government can make these charges stick?

No.

Why not?

If they keep hounding me, I'll foreclose on their mortgage!



NEWS ITEM. Police arrested two men in Queens for running a policy

We'd like to know how they did this —

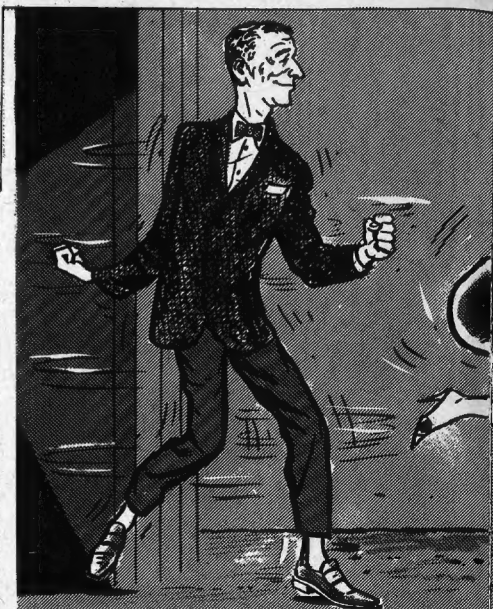
You said the two men the police arrested posed as pilots. How did they do that?

They wore airline uniforms, always left carrying suitcases and they dated airline stewardesses . . . I know stewardesses only go out with pilots. They drink together in the air—

What airlines did these men say they flew for?

They said they were test pilots for an unscheduled airline. They used to tell me their flight numbers—If I had bet those numbers, I would have made a fortune. Once one of the men said he was flying flight 345. The next day I saw in the paper that Flight 345 had crashed.

How did he explain that?



NEWS ITEM: Edinburgh—Mrs. Mary Campbell said today doctors them instead of eating them. "I started eating cigarettes months

SCENE: Campbell home —three months ago.

Darling, what's for dinner?

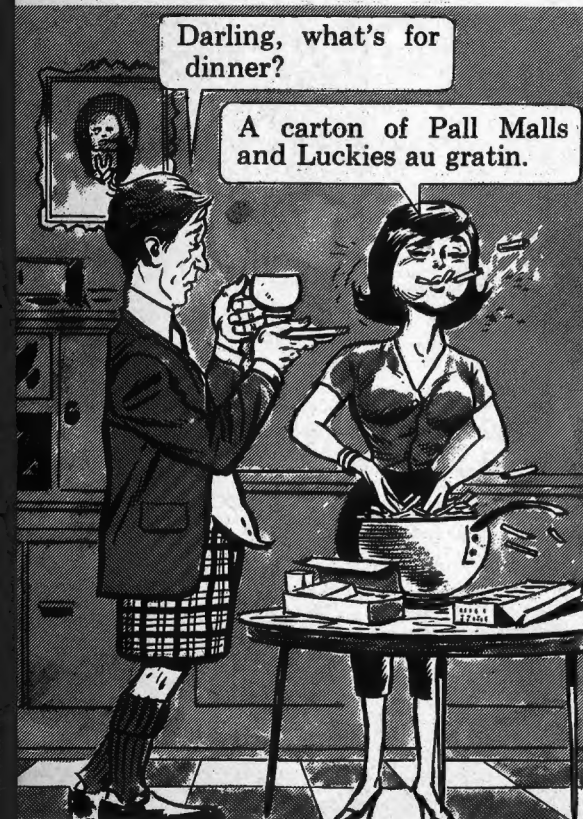
A carton of Pall Malls and Luckies au gratin.

That was a delicious lunch we had today — Winston sure tastes good like a cigarette should.

I'm not cooking any more filter cigarettes—the filter traps get caught in my teeth.

When are we going to have some more of the new cigarette — Yorks?

Soon, and have you seen how people notice what you're eating when you're eating Yorks?



racket. Their landlady said the two men had posed as airline pilots . . .



He told me he had bailed out during take-off. Every night they used to stay up late in their apartment reading numbers from pieces of paper—I thought they were counting plane tickets. I'd say, "Nice day" and they'd look into the sky and comment—"If the overhang stays up there." Another thing that fooled me—on Air Force Day they flew a flag from their window . . .

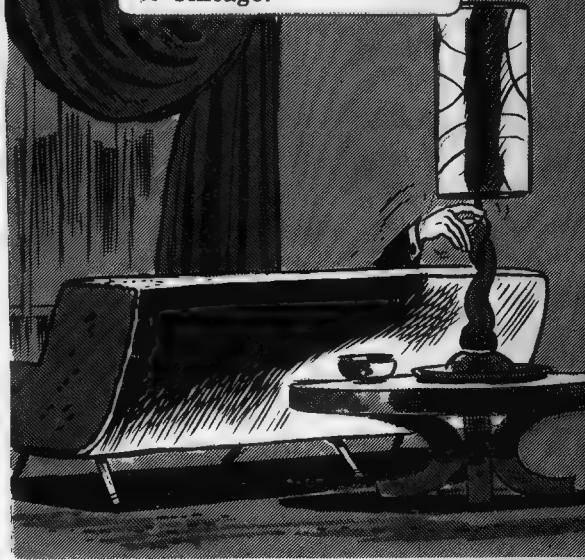
What did you say when police came to take them away?

I asked the police what they had done—they told me they had been taking bets. "On planes?" I asked. When the police took them away, they saluted me and sang, "Into the wild blue yonder."



That certainly was an unusual experience—two policy makers posing as pilots.

I wasn't the only one they fooled—I understand they flew four passenger planes to Chicago.



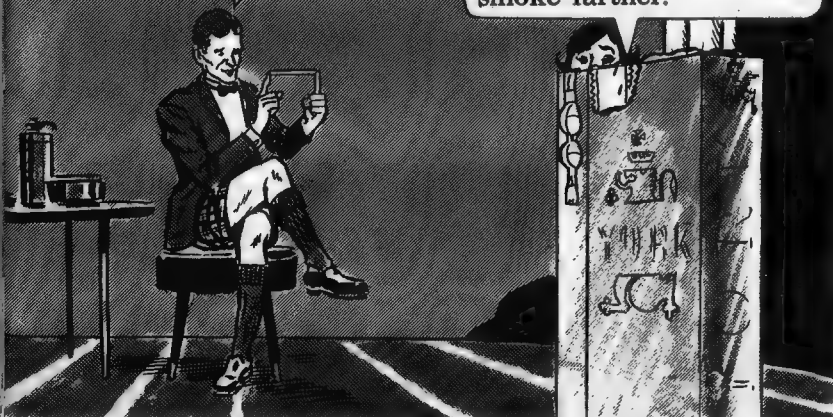
cured her of her special craving for cigarettes—she now smokes ago. I was eating as much as 100 a day," Mrs. Campbell stated.

People always notice what WE'RE eating, dear. After dinner, sweets, let's smoke some coffee—Nothing I like better than some coffee with my cigarette. Gee, I can't finish this meal.

That's because the Pall Malls are king size. Have you noticed, you've been eating more lately and enjoying it less?

I hate to mention it, dear, but my breath has been smelling funny lately.

Of course, a hint of mint makes the difference. It's that EXTRA MARGIN of flavor that travels the smoke farther.



Frankly, darling, I'm just a little worried about our diet. I know there's nothing wrong with eating cigarettes, but lately, I've developed a taste for matches and it's got me pretty upset.

It's all right, dear. Just as long as you don't inhale.



French Morocco:—The French Foreign Legion is preparing to disband . . .

Tell me, Sergeant, what did you join the Foreign Legion to forget?

I don't remember.

What were you before you joined the Legion?

I was a professional soldier.

What flag does the Legion fight under?

A white flag.



Where did you take basic training?

Paris.

Is the Foreign Legion the best fighting group in the world?

No, that's the Crosby Brothers.

Why do you carry that white handkerchief behind your cap?

I don't have any pockets.

You've been trying to clean up the Arabs for eight years. Why is it taking so long?

Have you ever tried to clean an Arab?

What do you do in your spare time in the desert?

I write love letters in the sand.

Got any results?

Yes, I'm engaged to a camel.

What's that medal?

That's the Oakleaf Medal—I won it in our war with the Arabs.

How many Arabs did you kill?

None.

If you didn't kill any Arabs, how come the French gave you this medal?

The Arabs gave me this medal.

French Morocco: OAS CHIEF, SALAN, SEIZED. SECRET ARMY WEIGHS NEW LEADER

SCENE: Wine cellar in Algiers:

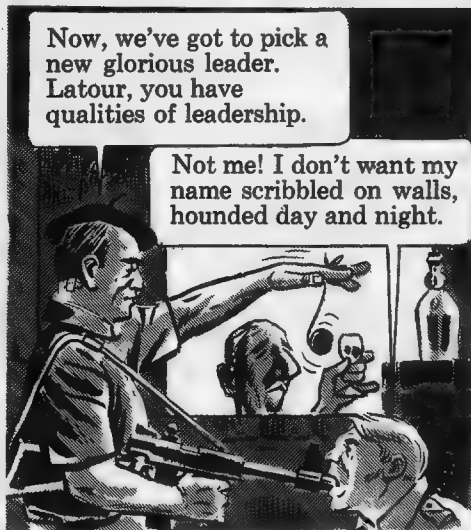
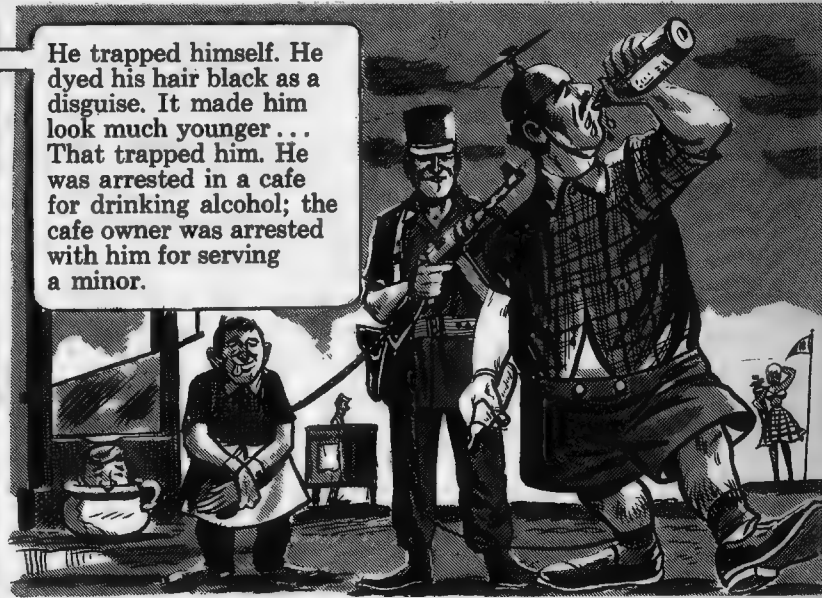
Art by Dick Ayers



Well, I suppose you all know they've got Salan.

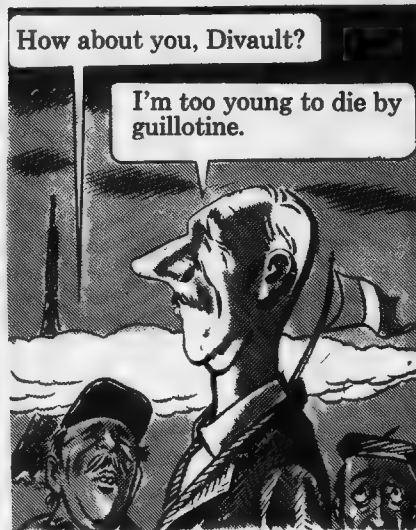
How'd it happen?

He trapped himself. He dyed his hair black as a disguise. It made him look much younger... That trapped him. He was arrested in a cafe for drinking alcohol; the cafe owner was arrested with him for serving a minor.



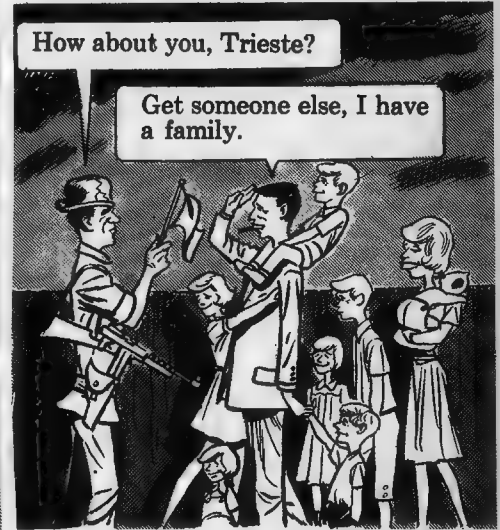
Now, we've got to pick a new glorious leader. Latour, you have qualities of leadership.

Not me! I don't want my name scribbled on walls, hounded day and night.



How about you, Divault?

I'm too young to die by guillotine.



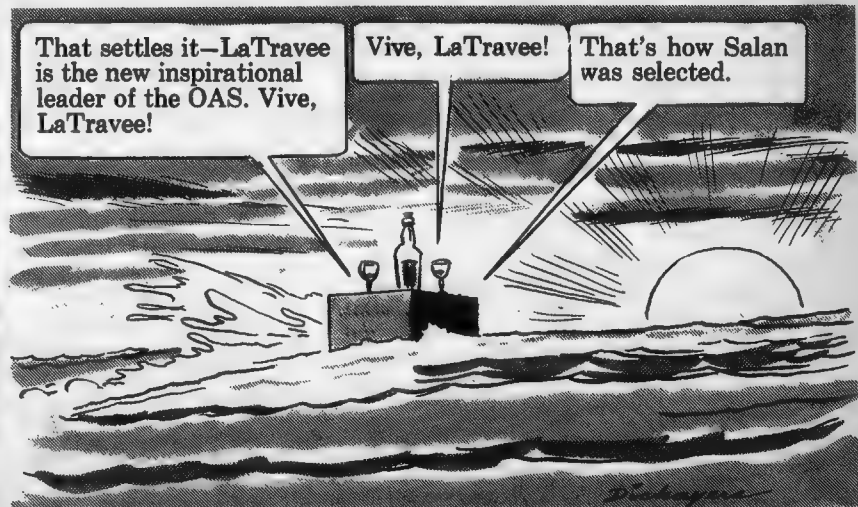
How about you, Trieste?

Get someone else, I have a family.



The only other man who comes to mind is LaTravee. Where is LaTravee?

He's not here.



That settles it—LaTravee is the new inspirational leader of the OAS. Vive, LaTravee!

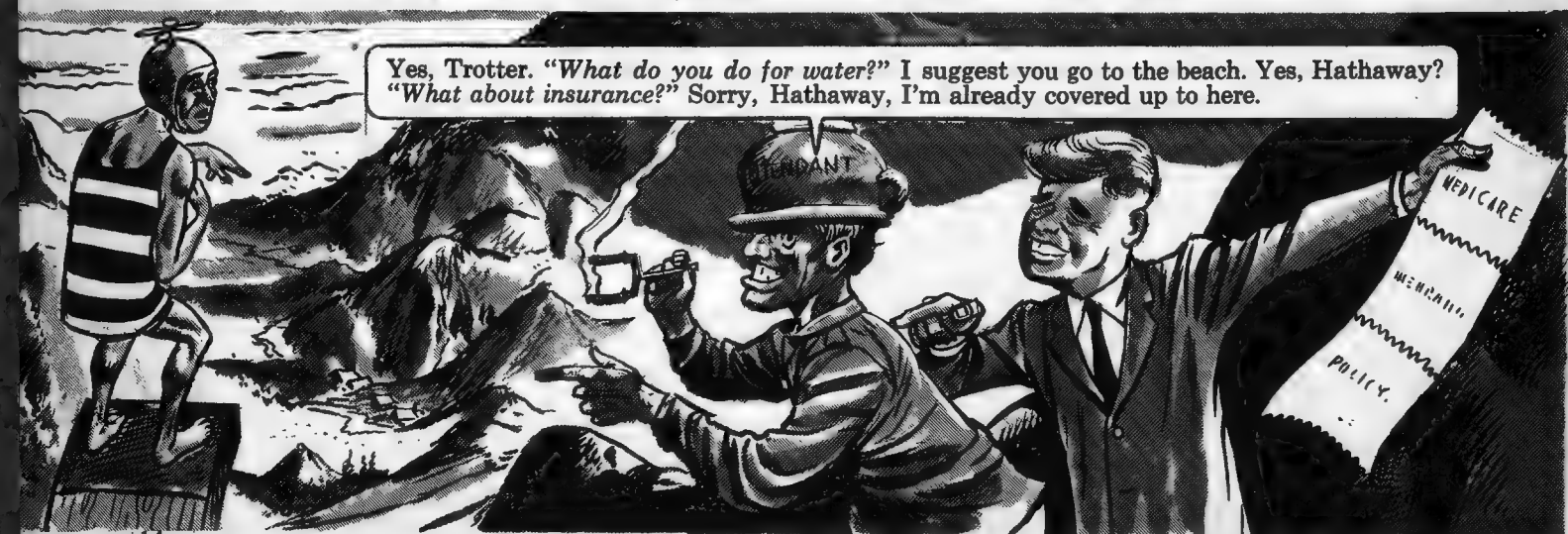
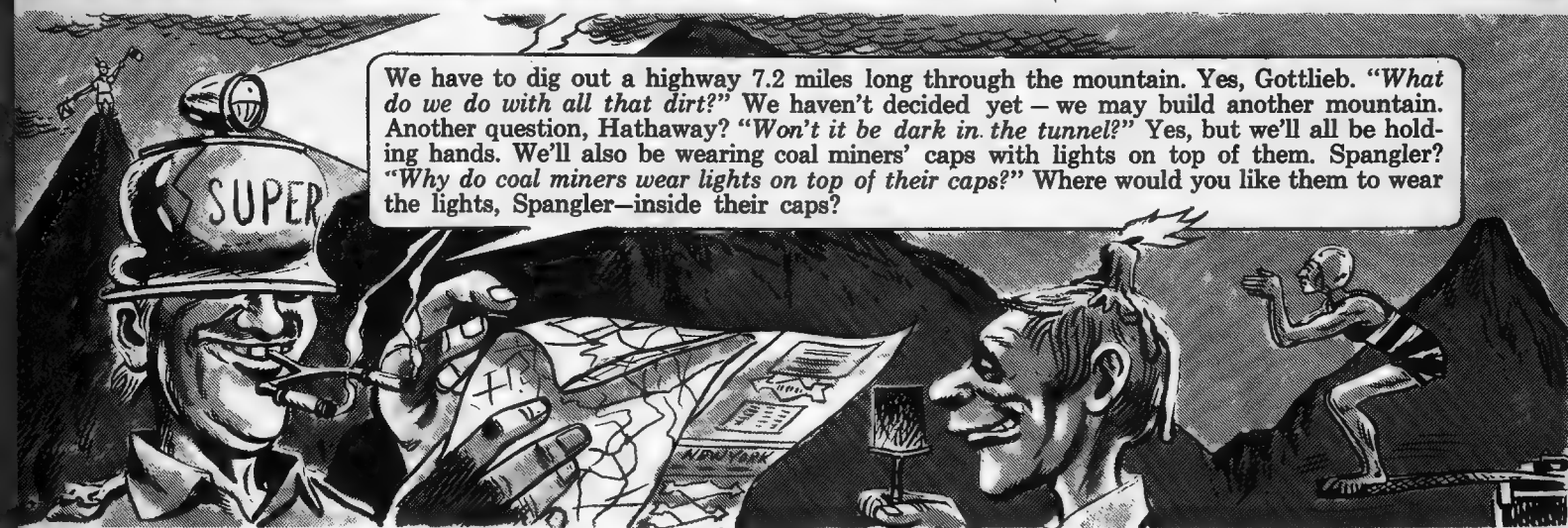
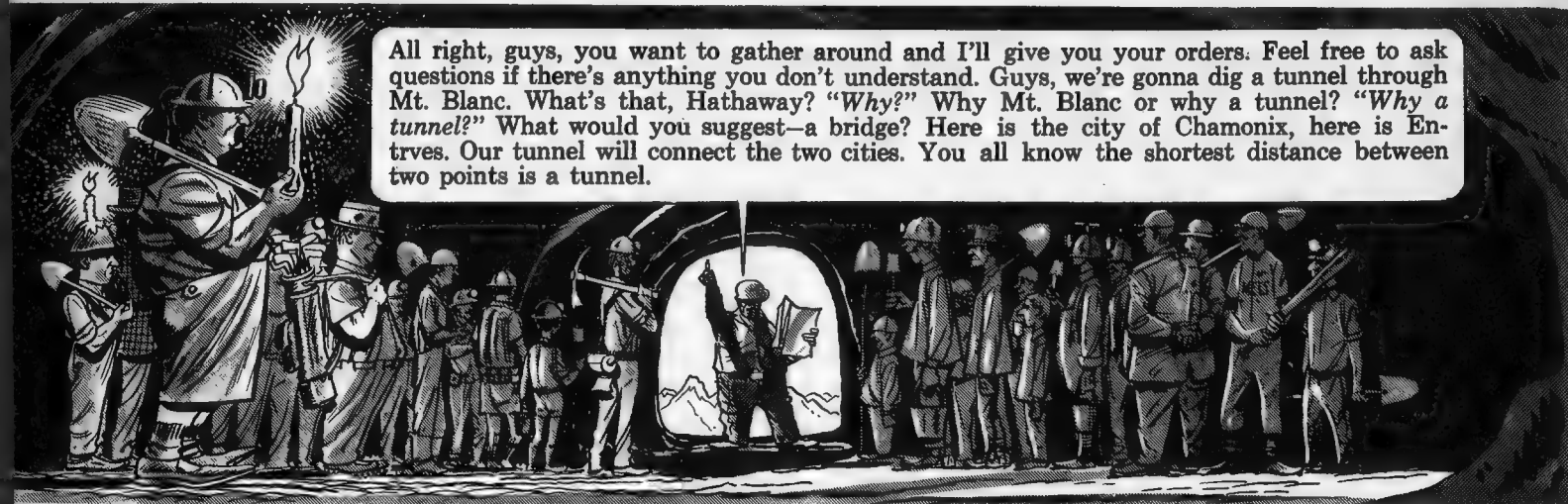
Vive, LaTravee!

That's how Salan was selected.



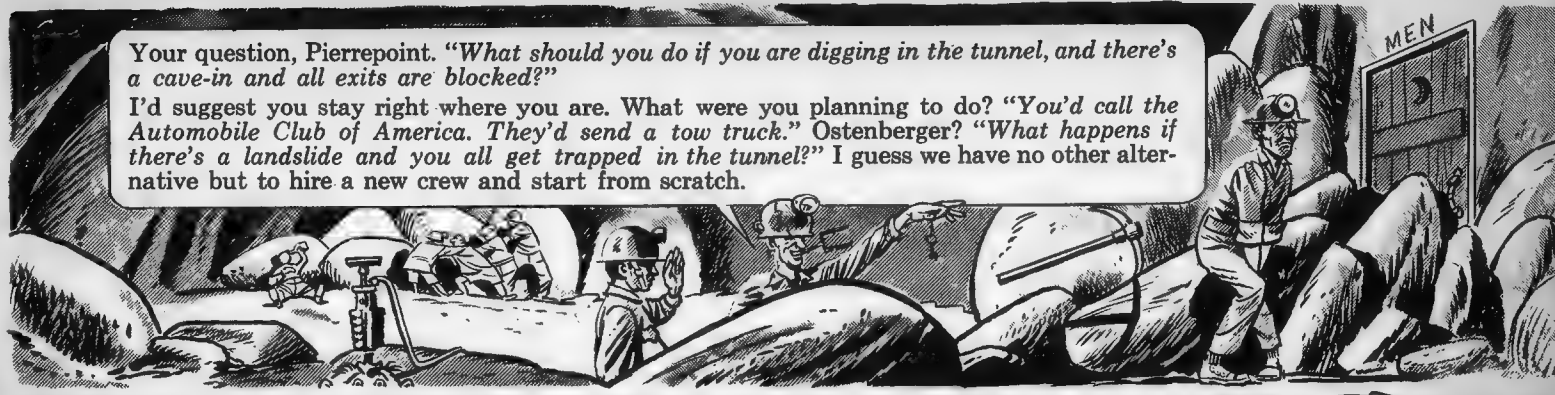
News Item: Drilling has resumed on the tunnel through Mt. Blanc. The tunnel will be 7.2 miles long under Europe's tallest peak.

They are digging a tunnel through Mt. Blanc in the Alps. No reason for the tunnel, it started out to be just a cave and then it spread. An Italian crew started digging on one side of the mountain and a French crew started on the other side. They'll meet in the center of the mountain—they hope. SICK sent its bridge editor, Charles Goren, to cover the story from the beginning. Here is his report of the speech the tunnel superintendent gave his crew before they took up their shovels:

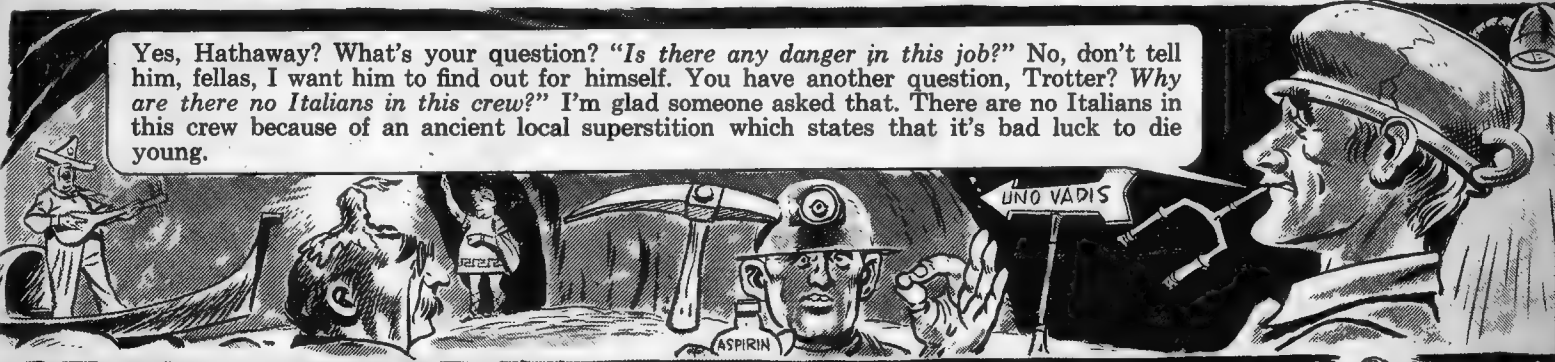


Your question, Pierrepont. "What should you do if you are digging in the tunnel, and there's a cave-in and all exits are blocked?"

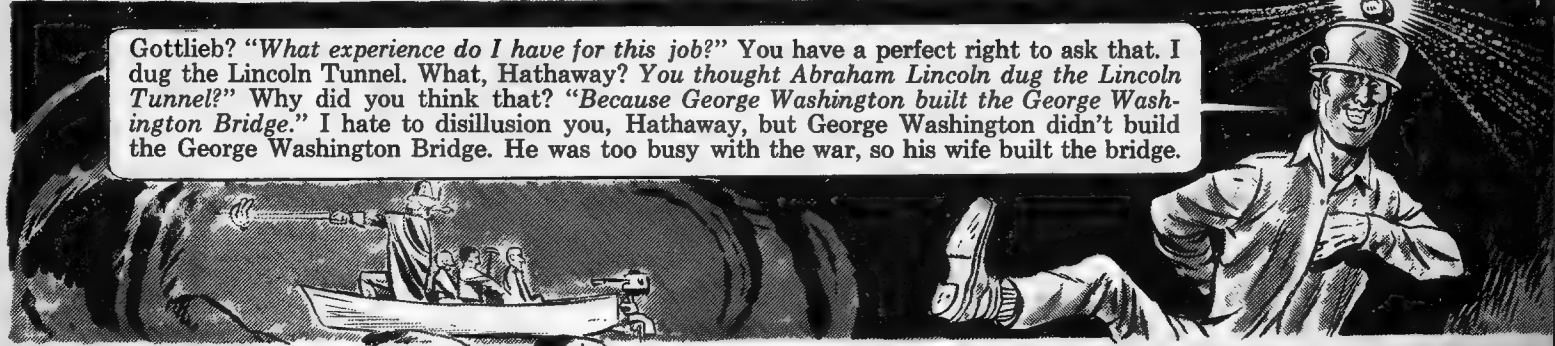
I'd suggest you stay right where you are. What were you planning to do? "You'd call the Automobile Club of America. They'd send a tow truck." Ostenberger? "What happens if there's a landslide and you all get trapped in the tunnel?" I guess we have no other alternative but to hire a new crew and start from scratch.



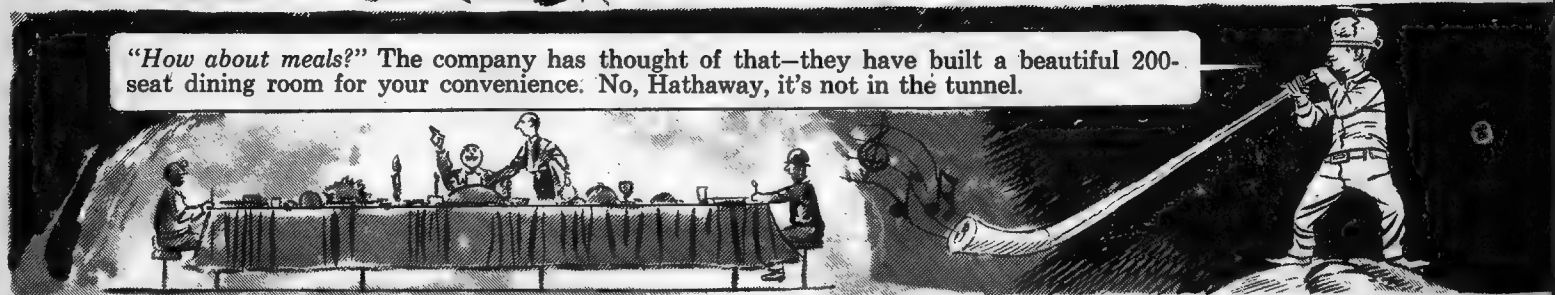
Yes, Hathaway? What's your question? "Is there any danger in this job?" No, don't tell him, fellas, I want him to find out for himself. You have another question, Trotter? Why are there no Italians in this crew? I'm glad someone asked that. There are no Italians in this crew because of an ancient local superstition which states that it's bad luck to die young.



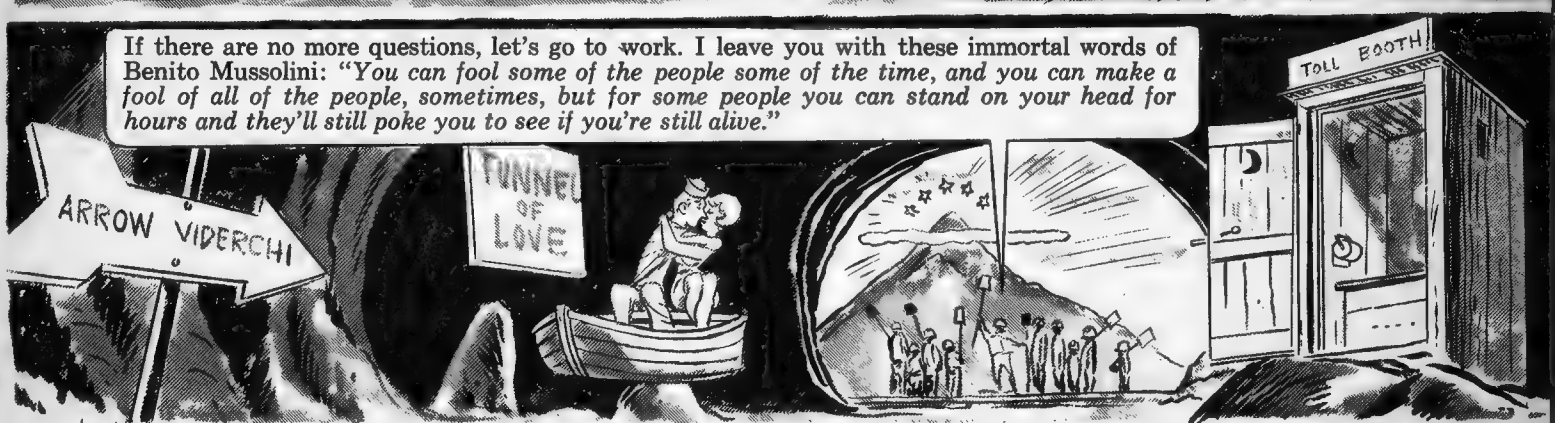
Gottlieb? "What experience do I have for this job?" You have a perfect right to ask that. I dug the Lincoln Tunnel. What, Hathaway? You thought Abraham Lincoln dug the Lincoln Tunnel? Why did you think that? "Because George Washington built the George Washington Bridge." I hate to disillusion you, Hathaway, but George Washington didn't build the George Washington Bridge. He was too busy with the war, so his wife built the bridge.



"How about meals?" The company has thought of that—they have built a beautiful 200-seat dining room for your convenience. No, Hathaway, it's not in the tunnel.

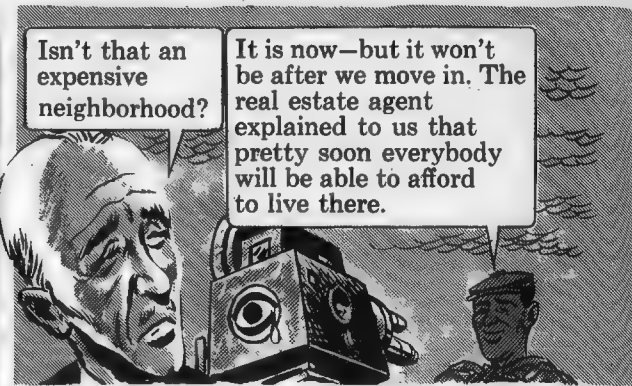


If there are no more questions, let's go to work. I leave you with these immortal words of Benito Mussolini: "You can fool some of the people some of the time, and you can make a fool of all of the people, sometimes, but for some people you can stand on your head for hours and they'll still poke you to see if you're still alive."



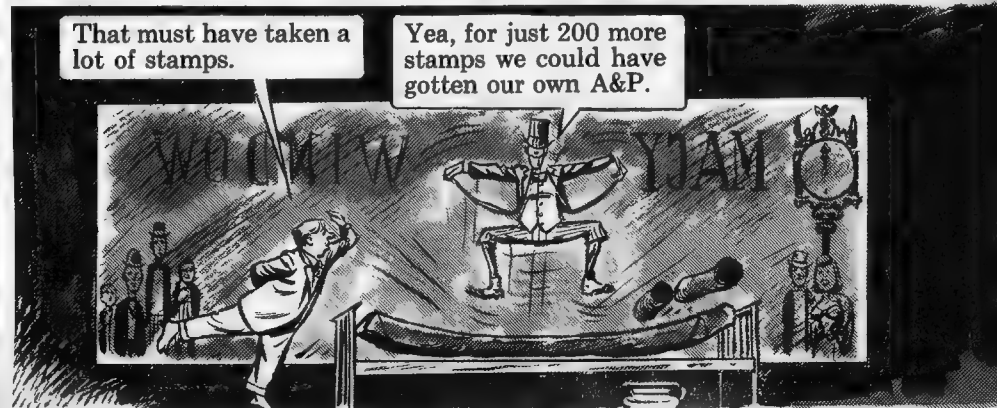
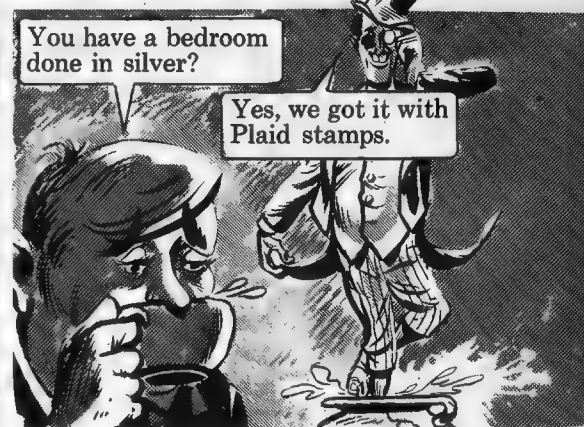
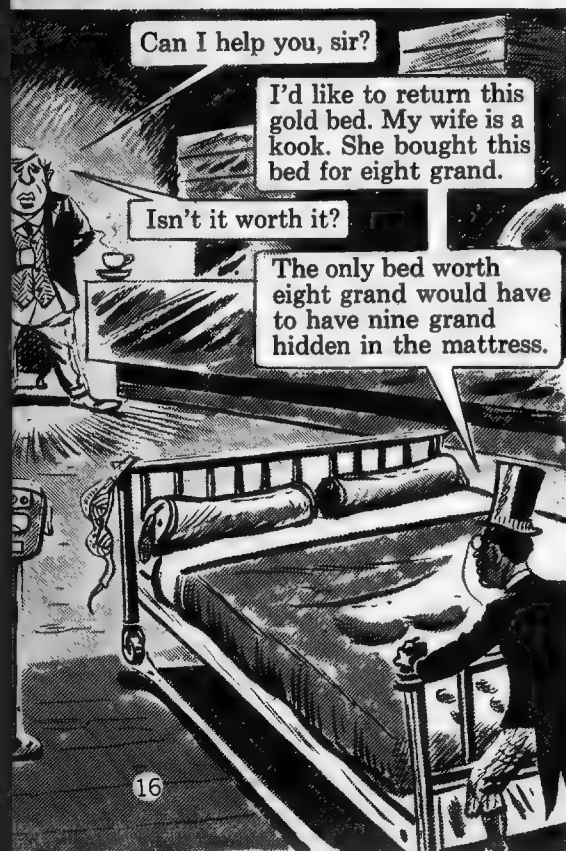
(The tunnel under Mt. Blanc will cut four hours off the trip from Entreves to Chamonix. We can't understand this because the nicest thing about Chamonix is the trip there. Maybe they need a tunnel, but all we can say is the old route had better scenery.)

NEW YORK: A poor New Orleans family came to New York City with about \$15.00 in their pockets. Their bus tickets were bought by a New Orleans organization so that the family could seek employment in the North.



ACCRA, GHANA: Krobo Edusei was fired from his post as minister in an affair over a gold bed his wife purchased in London for \$8,400. Ghana is currently fostering an austerity program. The government has also confiscated Krobo Edusei's mansion with its swimming pool, huge marble-floored salons and dazzling chandeliers which is valued as high as \$200,000. Edusei said he will try to return the bed.

SCENE: London furniture store.

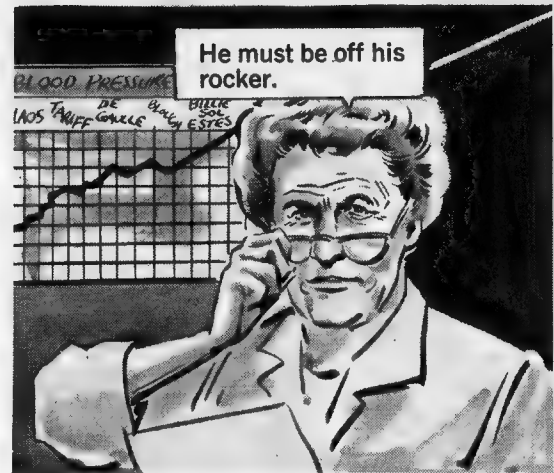


PEOPLE

DEPT. OF- PHONEY INTERVIEWS

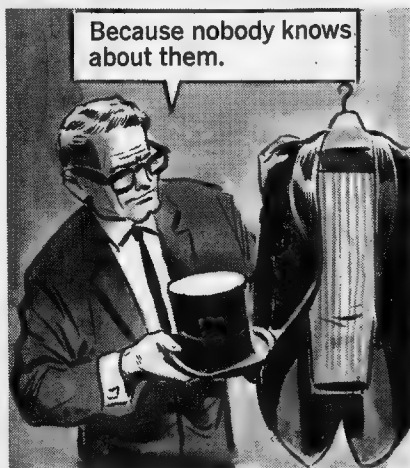
PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S DOCTOR

Did you know President Kennedy is doing 100 push-ups a day?



SENATOR GOLDWATER

There is a lot of talk about right wing organizations. Why are these societies secret?



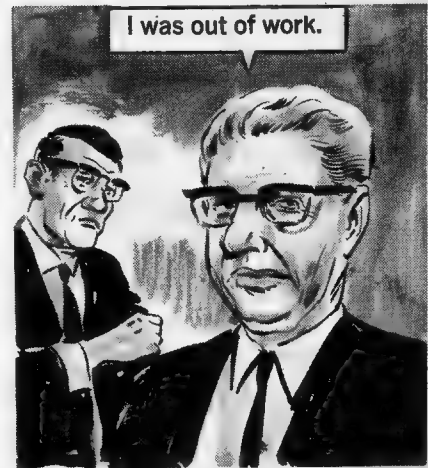
JIMMY HOFFA

Mr. Hoffa, why were you elected President of the Truckers' Union?



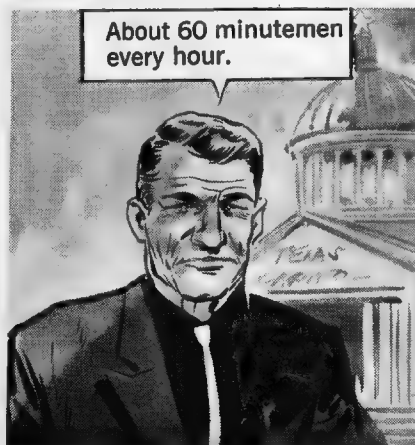
MR. GOLDBERG

Mr. Goldberg, why did you take the job of Secretary of Labor?



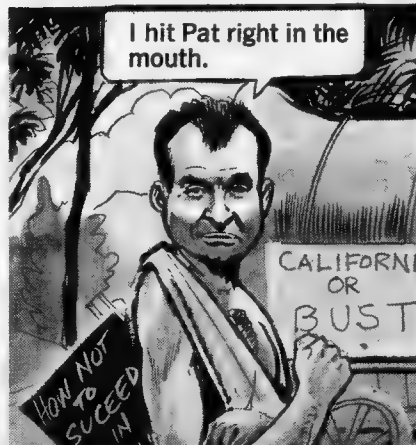
GENERAL WALKER

Sir, secret armies are growing in the United States by the hour. How many new minutemen are there?



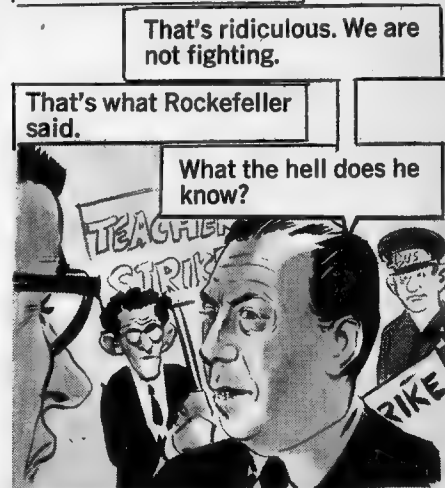
RICHARD NIXON

Mr. Nixon, what was your reaction to Jackie Kennedy's triumphant tour of India?



MAYOR WAGNER

Mayor, is it true you are fighting with Governor Rockefeller?



SICK SICK WORLD

ACADEMY AWARD HIGHLIGHTS: For the best documentary — "Under the Sea" by French director, Emile Dupree. Dupree: "I want to thank the eight technical members of my crew who drowned for making this picture possible." For the best actor — Maximilian Schell, "Judgment at Nuremberg." Schell: "I want to thank the eight million Nazis who died in World War II for making this picture possible."

American Motors President, George Romney, the creator of the Compact car, is a Republican Dark Horse for the '64 Presidential Race. If he wins the election, he will give us our first compact country, which should solve our parking problem.

They are testing actors to play the role of President Kennedy in the forthcoming movie: "PT Boat 109" — we know one part they should cast . . . Peter Lawford could play the role of the President's brother-in-law.

Burt Lancaster walked out on Mike Wallace, when Mike asked: "Do you have a temper?" Burt said, "Not with me," and went looking for it.

Government had to fire an astronaut—he was laying down on the job. . . .

What would happen if we found out the guy the Russians sent us was not Gary Powers?

In Miami there is a big cypress tree that people travel thousands of miles to see. All over the state of Florida there are signs that say, "See the Big Tree." People drive there from all over the country. They go up this bumpy road and walk around this giant tree and say: "That's some big tree."

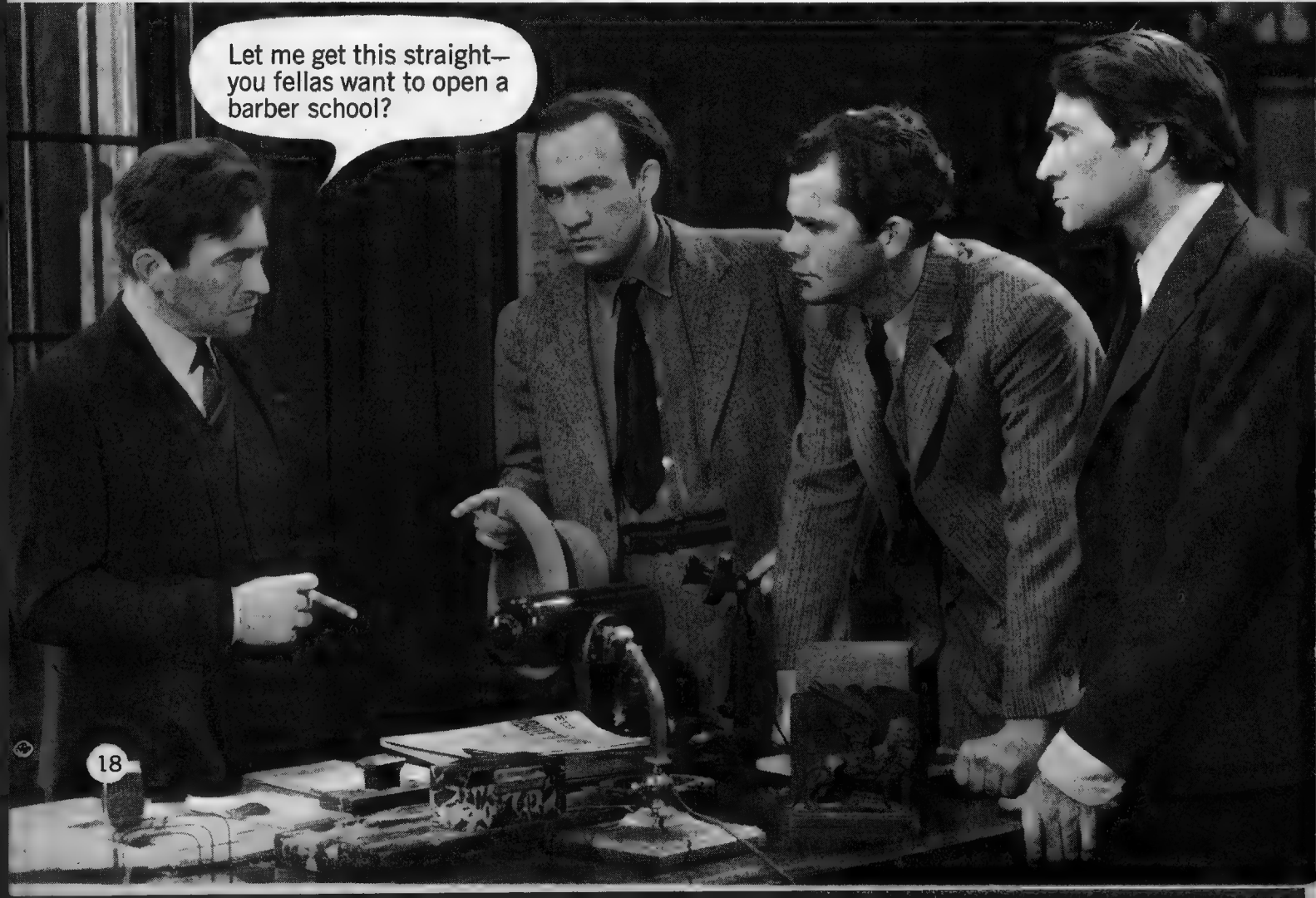
Jacqueline Kennedy should stop handing out lollipops to children overseas. We've brought these countries food, machinery, scientific advancement, but why tooth decay?

MINUTE INTERVIEW:

REPORTER: Peace Demonstrators have been picketing in front of the White House. Here is one of the Paraders for Peace. Tell me, sir, what is the purpose of your group?

MAN: We want peace and brotherhood for all men. We wish to bring love and understanding throughout a troubled world so everyone will love each other like brothers.

REPORTER: Don't you think there are better ways to achieve these goals than by picketing?



Let me get this straight—
you fellas want to open a
barber school?

MAN: Do you want a rap in the mouth?

Hunter College had the Secretary of the American Communist Party address them. They were told to hire a hall — but did it have to be Gus?

We'd like to take a moment to discuss a subject that you have all been thinking a lot about lately — anti-vivisection. For those of you who subscribe to *Pet Monthly*, Anti-vivisection is no stranger to you.

As a member of American Guild for Vivisection Abolishment, or AGVA, we want to stop the wholesale slaughter of dogs, cats, and guinea pigs for scientific experimentation.

Some of the cat owners in our set have gotten together to present a new and wonderful plan that will make anti-vivisection more than just a wild, Utopian dream. Don't get us wrong, our group is for scientific experimentation. But why do they have to use defenseless, dumb animals? Animals can't talk—that's the whole trouble. They have no way of telling the scientists if the experiment is working. But human beings can talk... Now, we wouldn't suggest for one minute that we use human beings to vivisect... Not just ANY human beings.

We'd have select groups—like bus drivers. Nobody likes bus drivers, not even other bus drivers. And when we run out of bus drivers, we have alternate groups to suggest. This group would include: Bert Parks, Loretta Young, June Allyson... Lawrence Welk, his band, and his audience, Jack Lescoulie, Durwood Kirby, the Lennon Sisters, Lawrence Welk's audience and friends...

"It takes longer to train a KLM (Dutch) airlines captain than it does to train a doctor." Sure, they take American pilots. It takes four years just to teach them Dutch so they'll know what the instructor is talking about.

Tipping was so bad in one hotel, a guest ordered a deck of cards and the bellhop made 52 trips.

Things don't look too bright for the United States as far as fallout is concerned. The country's leading authority on fallout and radioactivity has just left his California home for a small island near Greece.

INTERVIEW WITH A BEATNIK:

Do you have a steady position?

The last steady position I had was in the unemployment line.

What do you think of Zen Budism?

I won't smoke it if it doesn't have a filter.

Why don't you lay off on Thursdays?

Thursday is our Sabbath, man.

When U-2 Pilot Powers' wife took these sleeping pills, the former airman showed the value of his service training — he took four good pictures.

MANAGER: This fighter has one fault—he clinches too much.

PROMOTER: So a lot of fighters clinch too much.

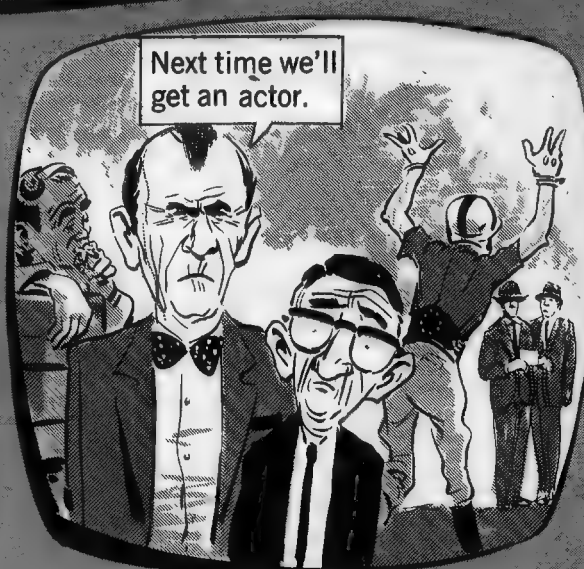
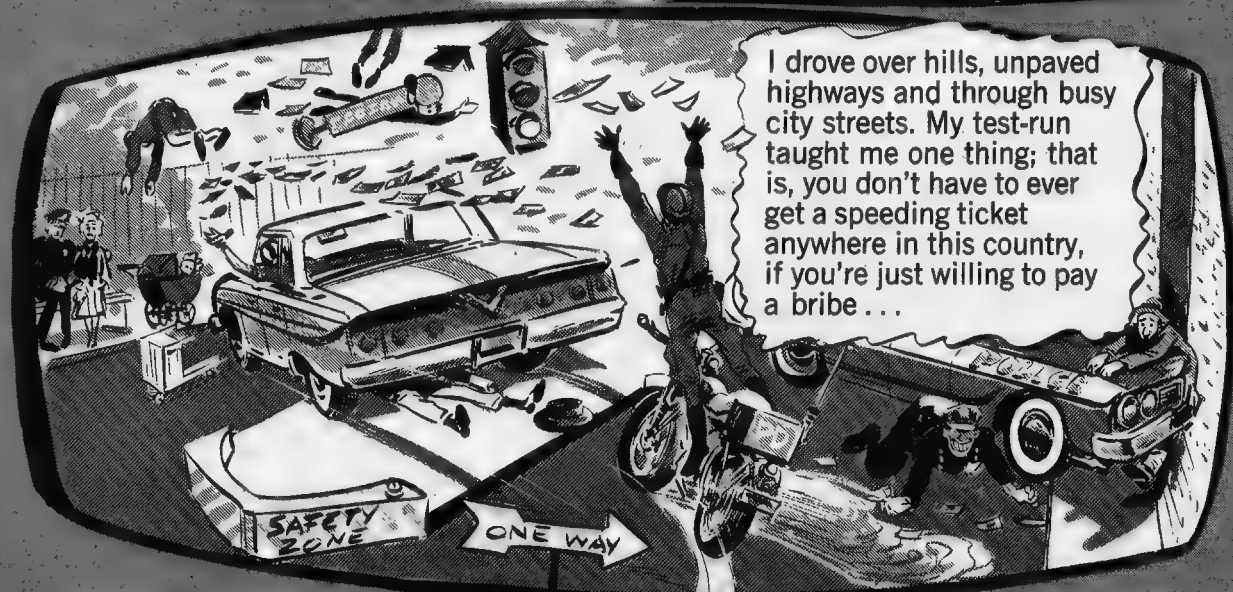
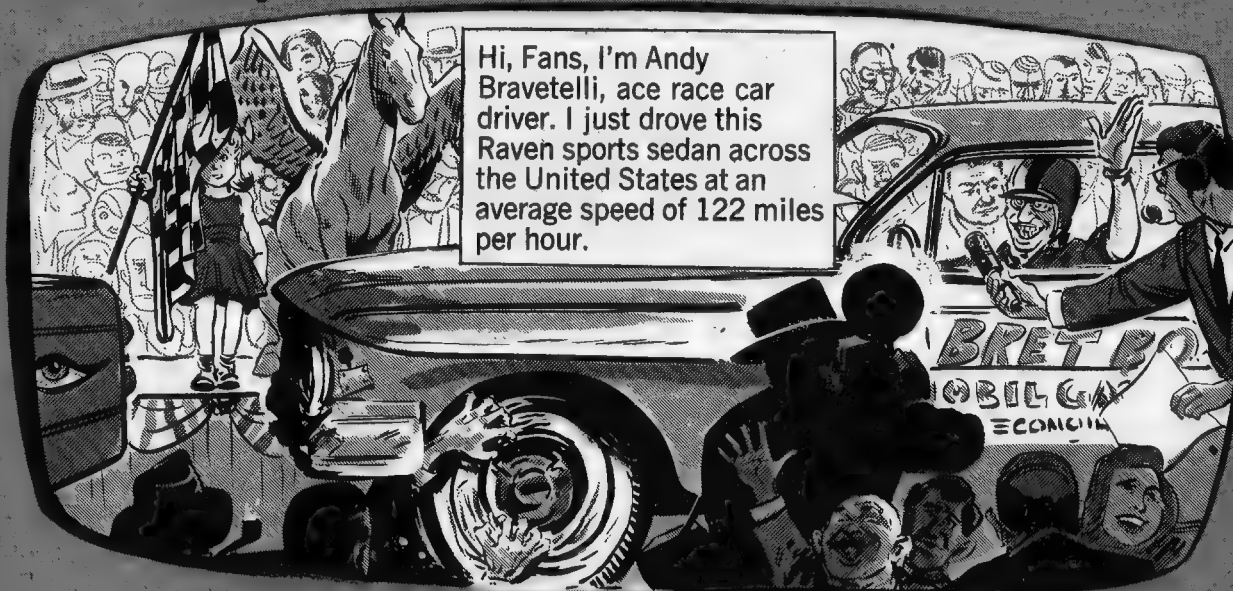
MANAGER: With the referee???

The airlines' noise abatement rulings will increase silent crashes.



ADVERTISING

More news in a minute, but first—A SICK Commercial—
Here's Andy Bravetelli, ace race car driver—



MOVIE REVIEW

THE COUNTERFEIT TRAITOR

First of all, "The Counterfeit Traitor" is not about a guy who squeals on a ring of counterfeiters. Now, we know this fact will disappoint a great many moviegoers. A lot of movies have titles that are misleading. Take "The Naked and the Dead." We thought it was a picture about a pneumonia epidemic among strip teasers. You talk about being disappointed!

"Counterfeit Traitor" is a spy picture and it is all the more exciting because it really happened—to William Holden. The picture

opens during World War II—you remember World War II, it was in all the movies. Holden is a Swedish businessman selling oil to the Nazis. For this, he is placed on the Allies' Blacklist, which means he will be put on a bus in New Orleans with a one-way ticket to an unemployment office up North.

To get off the Blacklist, Holden talks to the chief of the Allies' OSS in Europe, who is a high-ranking Nazi officer, named Billy Sol Hess.

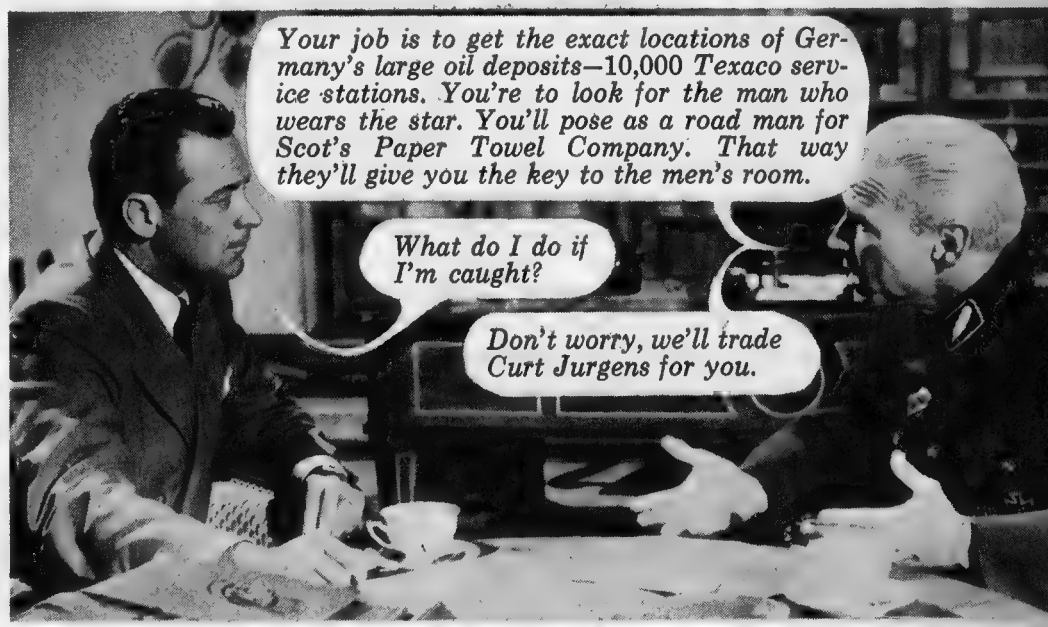
Holden explains that he couldn't go North and work as a day laborer: "I'm a bio-chemist. Besides, I get car-sick."

"Then, you'll have to spy for us by posing as a pro-Nazi. It's not easy but Heinrich Himmler did it."

"But Himmler is one of the most vicious Nazi leaders!"

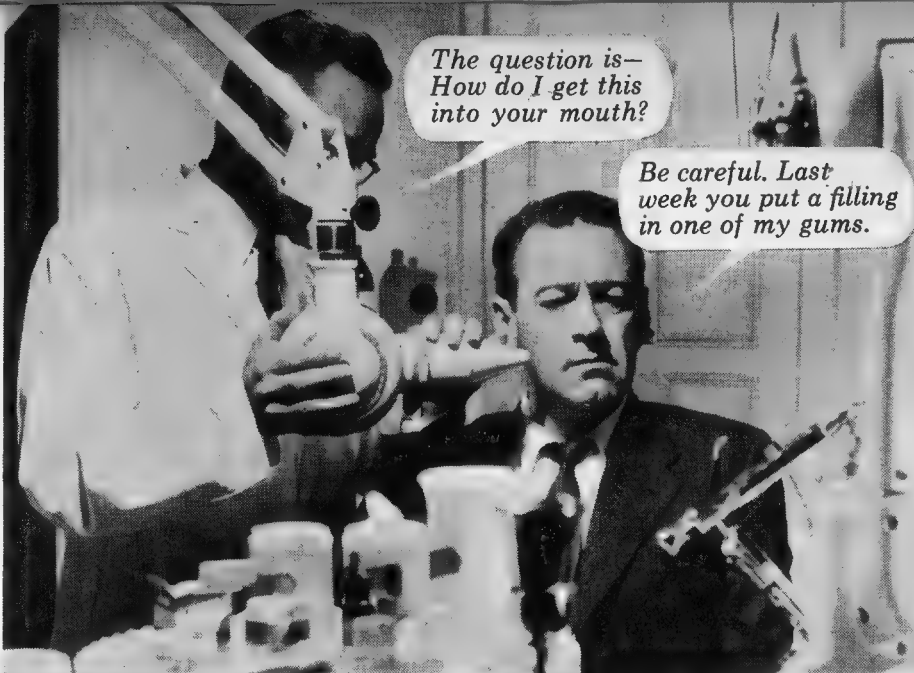
"See, he fooled you too."

Holden begins touring German service stations and writing messages on the mirrors in the men's wash rooms in lipstick. This doesn't help the Allied cause, but it gets him a fan fare from Helena Rubenstein. The Allies begin blowing up service stations all over Germany. The Nazis are suspicious, but think it's because they're making the octane mistake. At every inspection center, Holden claims he's a Scot tissue distributor. They believe him when they discover he's carrying a roll.



Holden's contact is posing as a Viennese dentist. The agent has no medical training so he either could pose as a dentist or a New Jersey doctor.

In Bavaria, Holden can't find service stations. Bavaria is a quiet community. The only action in town is at the Only Action Bar. In the window they have a picture of six entertainers in evening gowns, bleached hair and too much makeup. These guys are the owners. Everytime Holden asks someone to see the man with the star, they point out Richard Burton. He is getting desperate.



The love interest in the movie is supplied by Lilli Palmer. That is, she supplied the love interest for the producer, who dated her constantly. To avoid detection, she is posing as an Allied spy. "It's the latest thing," she explains, "The CIA has thousands of agents over here posing as spies."



Their love blossoms until one day Holden tells Lilli he is married.



Lilli is seen here in one of her simpler dresses in the movie. Lilli is captured and sent to prison, sentenced to ten years at hard labor—she has to mother ten German children, with time off for twins. A lot of Germans were born by the state. On Mothers' Day, they send a card to the General Post Office.

Prison life is hard on Lilli, even though she dresses better. With those high walls all around you, there's nothing to do but play hard ball and weave rope ladders. Lilli gets a job in the prison laundry and gets back some of her old Vim. She swallows the tablets for that "feel better" feeling and gets hung on the detergent. Soon, she's taking four tablets a day or enough to do a family wash. Finally, she is sentenced to death by firing squad.



At the sight of Lilli's "death," the producer faints, indicating a far closer relationship with the star than anyone on the set realized. The cast tries to explain to him that Lilli is just play-acting, but apparently he goes unconvinced. Until this day, he is still bringing flowers to a makeshift grave he dug for her in the prison yard.

The Gestapo asks Holden what he knows about Lilli and the makeshift grave in the prison yard. "At first, we thought it was a tunnel until we found a body of a shabbily dressed woman buried in it." Holden admits Lilli was a spy and that he turned her in, but professes that he's a true Nazi, claims his undying devotion to Hitler and his allegiance to the Third Reich.



The film ends with Holden in prison. The Gestapo agent to whom he professed his undying loyalty, turns out to be the head of U.S. Intelligence in Europe.

In real life, William Holden lives a quiet and seemingly ordinary existence as an American film star making motion pictures in Europe and Asia. Underneath this facade, he is a spy for the CIA on Russian troop movements around the world. In fact, Holden was assigned to fly over Russia proper last year to take pictures of military installations, but he wasn't a good enough photographer. As he jokingly explains it: *"I couldn't keep my trap shut."* The CIA had the same trouble with the last pilot they sent.



*This is
Martinson's, the
hand-tended coffee.*

*I appreciate that,
but will you get your
fingers out of my cup?*

As for Holden's co-star, Lilli Palmer has become very religious since completing the picture. She says: *"If you ever stood up against a wall and was shot by a blindfolded firing squad, you know what real fear is like."*

"But they missed you—"

"They didn't even hit the wall."



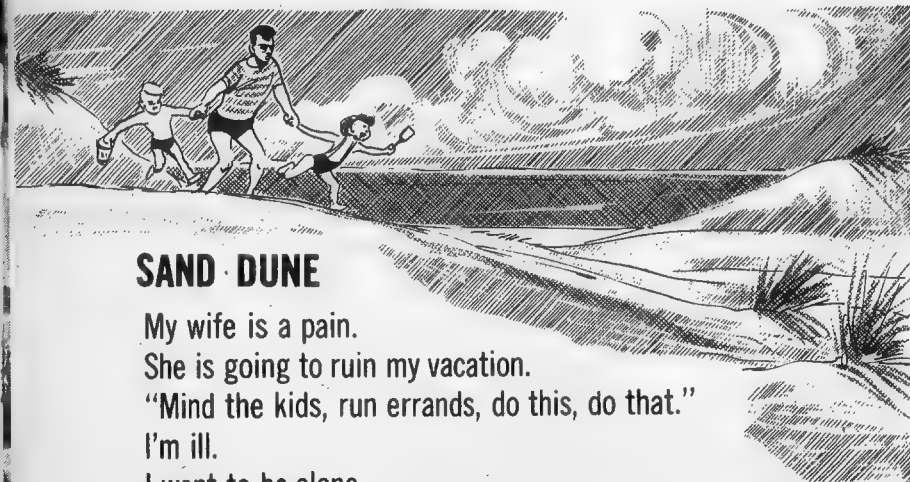
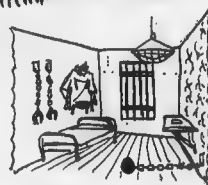
POET'S CORNER

By Ronald J. Hampton



"REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK SANITARIUM"

Rebecca is a little girl.
 A real little girl.
 Rebecca is a real little girl who is also a real little nut!
 She has no mommy.
 She has no daddy.
 Just a lot of little boys and girls, doctors and nurses to play with.
 She lives at Sunnybrook.
 Sunnybrook is a real nice place.
 A real nice, quiet place.
 Some nuts are violent.
 Some are strong.
 Some talk and some are quiet.
 Rebecca is a meek, weak, untalkative little nut!
 She has her own room.
 She isn't very friendly.
 I guess it's tough to be an unfriendly nut.
 Rebecca came to Sunnybrook when she was eleven.
 She still thinks she's eleven,
 Only she's ninety seven!



SAND DUNE

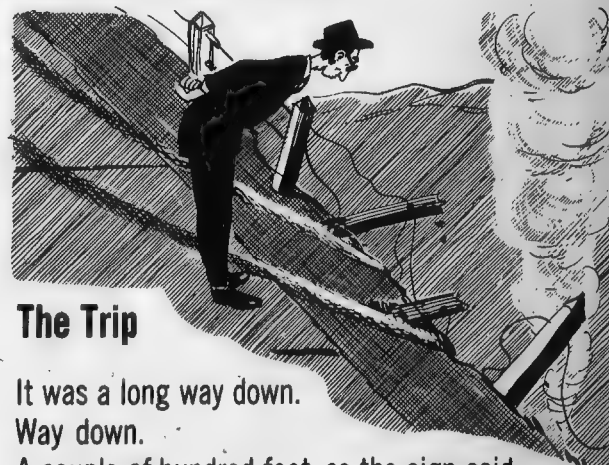
My wife is a pain.
 She is going to ruin my vacation.
 "Mind the kids, run errands, do this, do that."
 I'm ill.
 I want to be alone.
 She says I can't. I have to stay on the beach and play with them.
 My wife says I should dig a hole in the sand and bury them.
 I did.
 Alive.



HER

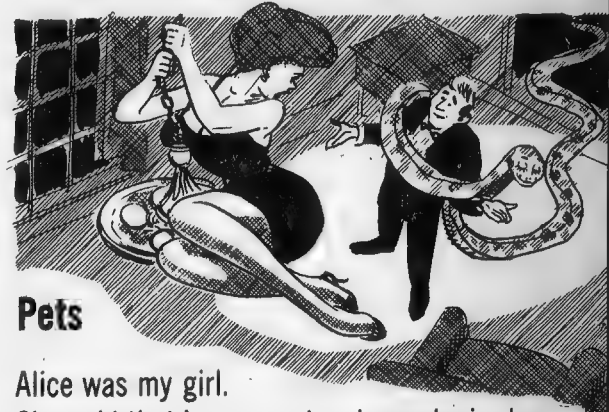
You look at her; she looks at you—
 there is a question in your mind.
 You wonder if she does or not,
 and, possibly, if she's the kind.

You dare not ask, for Heaven's sake,
 for that would be impure—
 Yet, as you stare you ask yourself—
 Does she use Arrid to be sure?



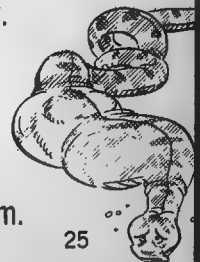
The Trip

It was a long way down.
 Way down.
 A couple of hundred feet, so the sign said.
 My wife didn't believe the sign.
 I bet she does now!



Pets

Alice was my girl.
 She said that I was a nut and a real wierdo—
 She didn't like my collection of pets.
 Especially my pet boa constrictor.
 He eats big meals.
 It takes a lot to feed him.
 He doesn't feel too well of late.
 I'm going to take him to the vet.
 Alice musn't have agreed with him.



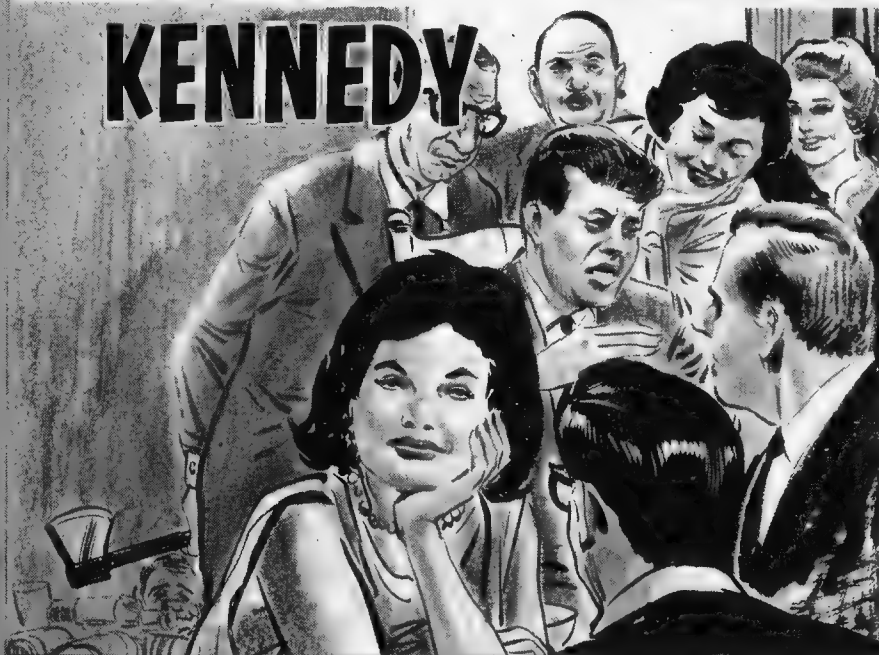
Thanks to that great American innovation, THE CREDIT CARD, buying for cash is a thing of the past. Now comes Hertz and their rental system. This great boon to our economy threatens to make buying itself passe. . . In addition to renting automobiles, Hertz will rent you all you need

THE COMPLETE PARTY

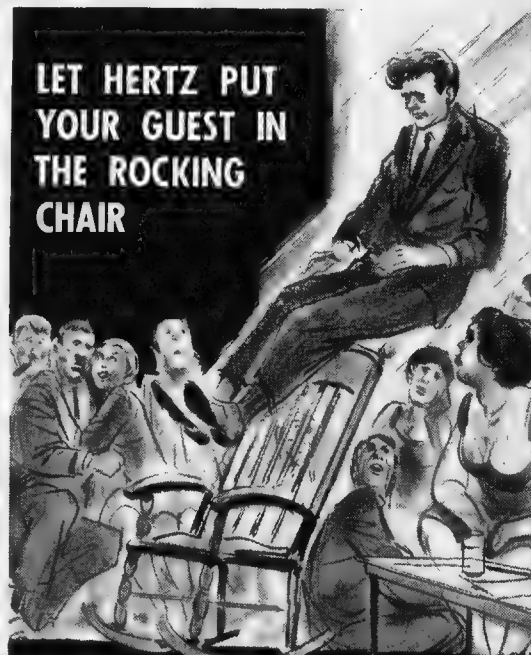
YOU CAN IMPRESS GUESTS AT YOUR NEXT PARTY WHEN YOU

RENT A KENNEDY

Hertz has a fine supply of John F. Kennedy's distant relatives. All Hertz Kennedys have the famous name and haircut. Imagine how your guests will admire you for making such a social catch. All Hertz Rental Kennedys are guaranteed to refer to "Jack and Jackie" at least twenty five times. They will delight your guests with gossipy little stories that have never been printed and have never even happened. When ordering your Kennedy please specify whether guests are Democrat or Republican so we can send either a happy or unhappy Kennedy.



**LET HERTZ PUT
YOUR GUEST IN
THE ROCKING
CHAIR**



BE BRILLIANT AT YOUR PARTY!!! BECOME A GREAT INTELLECT OVERNIGHT

RENT A GOOF

Tear him to shreds with your devastating conversation. Hertz has intellectual looking goofs specializing in politics, literature, philosophy and psychology. No longer will you be left out of deep discussions or creamed because of your stupid remarks. Hertz goofs are trained to take punishment and come back with exquisite lead lines, foolish notions and muddled thoughts that you can positively clobber. All goofs are guaranteed to be smarter than your guests but dumber than you.



**LET HERTZ
PUT
YOU IN A
HIGHER I.Q.
BRACKET**



for social gatherings and parties. Dishes, glasses, tables, chairs and home furnishings can be had for the night in order to impress your guests. But Hertz hasn't gone far enough, yet. To insure really successful parties, we suggest they enlarge their service, something like this . . .

RENTAL SERVICE

Script by Stan Hart

Art by Bob Powell

DO GUESTS RUN WHEN YOU TALK ABOUT YOUR CHILDREN

RENT A LISTENER

Hertz supplies mature, sympathetic listeners for compulsive mothers. Each listener has an inexhaustible supply of heartwarming comments like — "He's lucky to have a mother like you," "It's not a good likeness, I'm sure he's better looking than that," "What's the younger generation coming to?" and "That's the trouble with children today, they have it too easy." Hertz listeners are all equipped with troubles of their own that you can solve with wise, appreciated, motherly advice. We guarantee no Hertz listener has as much trouble, as much experience or knows as much as you do.



LET HERTZ PUT
A LIAR IN
YOUR LIVING
ROOM



DON'T BE EMBARRASSED BY YOUR YOUNGSTER AT KID PARTIES

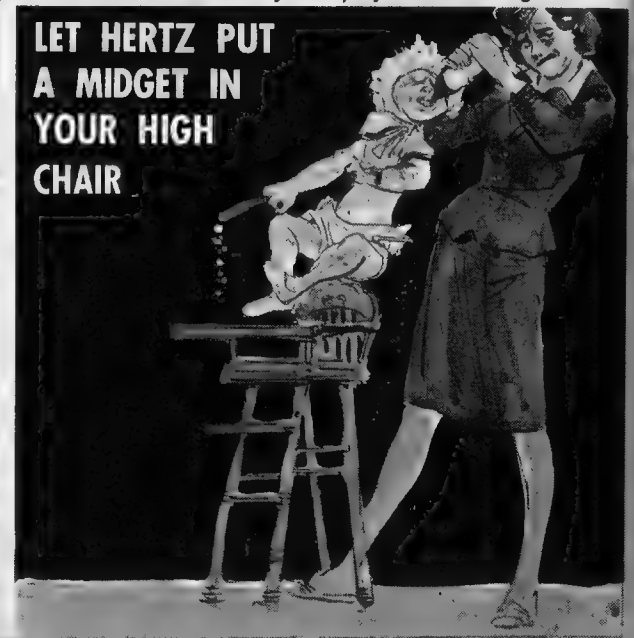
RENT A BRIGHT CHILD

Never again will you feel like dying when your child refuses to perform and make you look good. Hertz has baby faced midgets for all occasions — 1) college graduates for startlingly bright sayings and 2) show business veterans for astounding song and dance routines. Our 'bright children' are guaranteed never to pout, bite or forget their toilet training.

extra: with each rental you get a set of chains and muzzles so you can put your child out of sight .



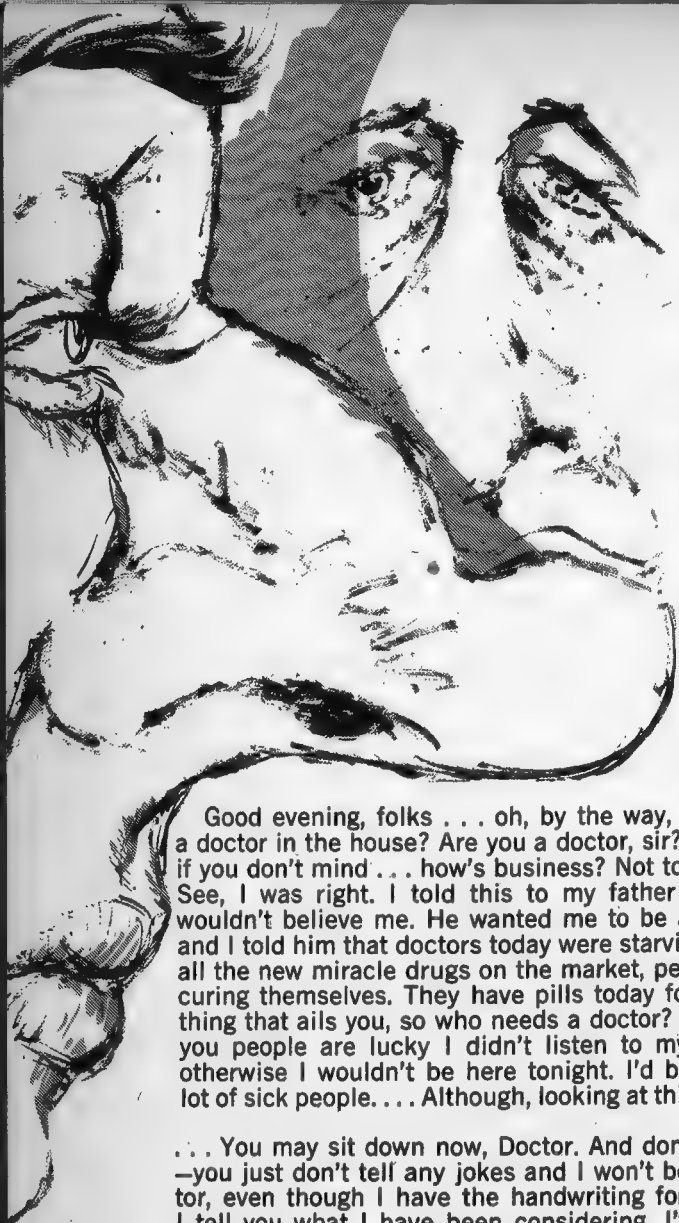
LET HERTZ PUT
A MIDGET IN
YOUR HIGH
CHAIR



Sick Monologue

IN THE STYLE OF JACKIE MASON

NO NOSE IS GOOD NOSE



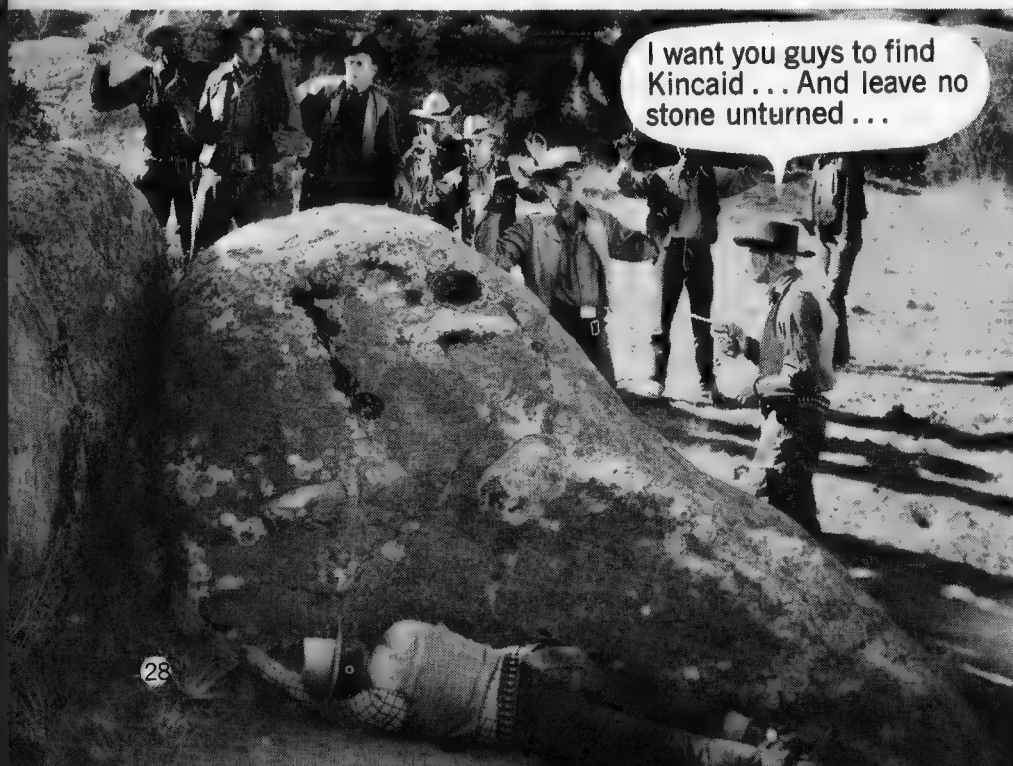
Good evening, folks . . . oh, by the way, is there a doctor in the house? Are you a doctor, sir? Doctor, if you don't mind . . . how's business? Not too good? See, I was right. I told this to my father and he wouldn't believe me. He wanted me to be a doctor and I told him that doctors today were starving. With all the new miracle drugs on the market, people are curing themselves. They have pills today for everything that ails you, so who needs a doctor? Anyhow, you people are lucky I didn't listen to my father, otherwise I wouldn't be here tonight. I'd be with a lot of sick people. . . . Although, looking at this crowd.

. . . You may sit down now, Doctor. And don't worry—you just don't tell any jokes and I won't be a doctor, even though I have the handwriting for it. But I tell you what I have been considering. I've been thinking of becoming a plastic surgeon. That's where the money is today, because so far, there isn't a pill on the market that can shrink a nose.

. . . I can't understand why people want to be beautiful. Beauty is only skin deep—and have you noticed some of the cases of bad skin around these days? What difference does it make if a person is beautiful or ugly on the surface, it's what's inside that counts. Look at me—outside I'm not pretty, but inside I'm beautiful. I have a lovely heart. It's shaped like a Valentine. I have a liver and onions and I have a cute appendix. . . .

My father had an ugly face. To look at me that's hard to believe. But although my father's face was ugly, underneath his ugly face was a truly ugly man. Ugly as my father was—and that was plenty ugly—my mother was even uglier. I remember, people used to say it was a lucky thing my father and mother never had any children.

It amazes me the money people spend on plastic surgery. I know a girl who had large cauliflower ears, protruding eyebrows and a hairlip. She paid a plastic surgeon \$20,000—for a nose job.



A woman in my neighborhood admired our President so she wanted to look like Jackie Kennedy. She had an operation and now she looks like Lyndon Johnson—don't laugh, today that woman is worth a lot of money.

A boy I grew up with had a face only his mother could love. He went to a plastic surgeon and now even his mother doesn't love him. How could she, she doesn't recognize him.

You may not know this, but this is not my real face. I used to look like Tony Curtis. I looked so much like Tony Curtis, I used to get his mail. I had my face changed to get rid of Janet Leigh. If I didn't get rid of Janet Leigh, Tony Curtis was going to get rid of me.

Many great men throughout history should have had plastic surgery. ABRAHAM LINCOLN needed plastic surgery—to have two half dollars removed from over his eyelids.

Abraham Lincoln was a homely man. Today many people think Lincoln looked like Raymond Massey. Nobody alive today knows what Abraham Lincoln really looked like—that's because the only likenesses we have of Lincoln are touched up pictures of Raymond Massey. Even Raymond Massey doesn't know what Lincoln looked like—Raymond Massey thinks he's Lincoln. But don't take my word for it. Ask Raymond Massey to go to the theater with you sometime and see what happens.

Presidents have traditionally had big noses. Just go out to Mt. Rushmore, South Dakota sometime and look at George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, and Teddy Roosevelt carved on the side of a mountain. That scene has always puzzled me, I've never been able to figure out how they got those four great presidents to pose together.

Every day you hear of someone you know having a nose job. This means having that little bump removed from the bridge of their nose. And I was thinking—wouldn't it be a funny thing if those little bumps came back in style. You're laughing, but I'm waiting for that day. You know why? I've been buying up all those little bumps. I've got a closet full of bumps. If they come back in style, I'll have the world by the nose.

After completing my bump collection, I figured now I should know a little something about putting

them on noses. I'm sure you couldn't do it with glue. I don't think it would sound right to tell my patient, "Now, I'm gonna paste you in the nose." So I figured the best way to get inside information on noses is from a plastic surgeon. I went to see one in the Bronx. I was greeted by a nurse without a nose. I said, I see you've had your nose done over. She replied, "Yes, over and over and over...."

"Whatsa matter?"

"It grows back."

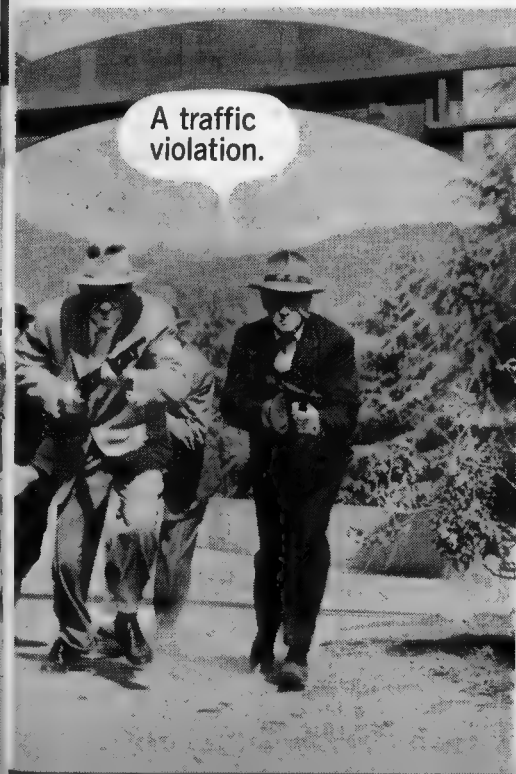
She brought me to the waiting room. It was a large room all done up in Kleenex, with pictures on the wall of all the movie stars who had their noses done here. I saw 27 pictures of the nurse.

I was very impressed with the doctor's degrees hanging on the wall. He had one for plumbing, one for carpentry, another for architecture and one for sculpture. Come to think of it, I didn't see anything for medicine.

It seems this doctor had a special rate on rush jobs—noses while you wait or instant noses. I saw a lady walk in with a pretty large nose and an hour later she came out with the smallest nose you ever saw. She opened her purse, pulled out a mirror and a powder puff to powder her nose... and she missed. She got powder on her eyes, her ears, her mouth. Those are the places her nose used to be.

A guy came in and told the doctor, "I'm having a lot of trouble with my breathing." "Impossible," the doctor said. "With those big nostrils, one deep breath should last you a week." "But doc, it's when I exhale I have the trouble, all the important papers on my desk go flying, like somebody turned on a fan. I'm an accountant and I have a lot of trouble making up the payroll—last week I blew away a fortune."

Yea, plastic surgeons are cleaning up and why? Because people today are so vain. Everyone wants to be a beauty, but what I want to know is this—who decides what is beauty. I'll tell you who—society. In our society beauty means an oval shaped face, high cheekbones, big eyes, full lips and small nose. That's what our society thinks is beauty. But did you know in the jungles of Africa, the Ubangi tribe would consider this ugly? That's right. You see, their idea of beauty is a big flat nose, flapping ears, a big, painted mouth and shaven head. That reminds me—I've got to call my wife.



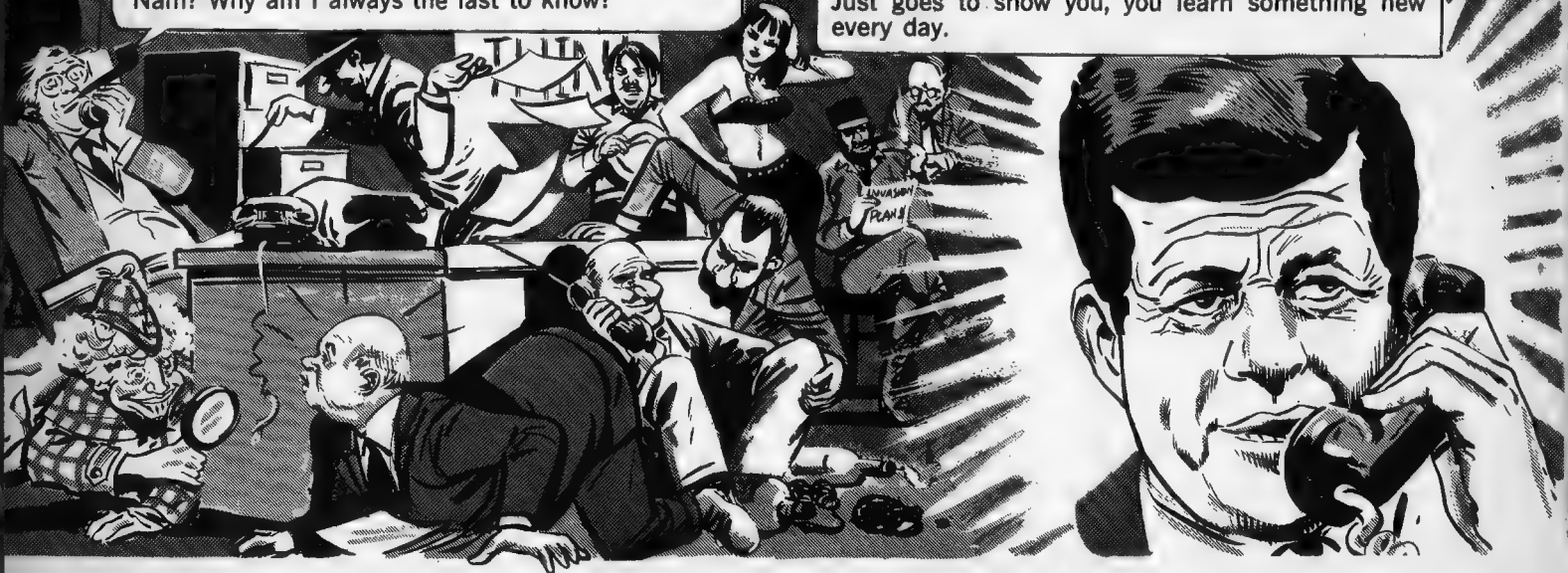
GOVERNMENT

A lot of unjustified criticism has been levelled at the CIA (Central Intelligence Agency). As we see it, they made one mistake: They made the location of their new headquarters secret. Now a lot of CIA agents can't find their way to work in the morning. Here is an unusual glimpse into the CIA and how it operates. The CIA Chief is on the phone with the President — JFK, or "Mr. JFK," as his friends call him . . .

THE CIA CHIEF

Hi, Jack Boy, how are the wife and kid? You have two now? — No, I didn't know that, Jack. Congratulations. What's that, Pal? Viet Nam? I don't know if we have a man there. We're fighting a war in Viet Nam? Why am I always the last to know?

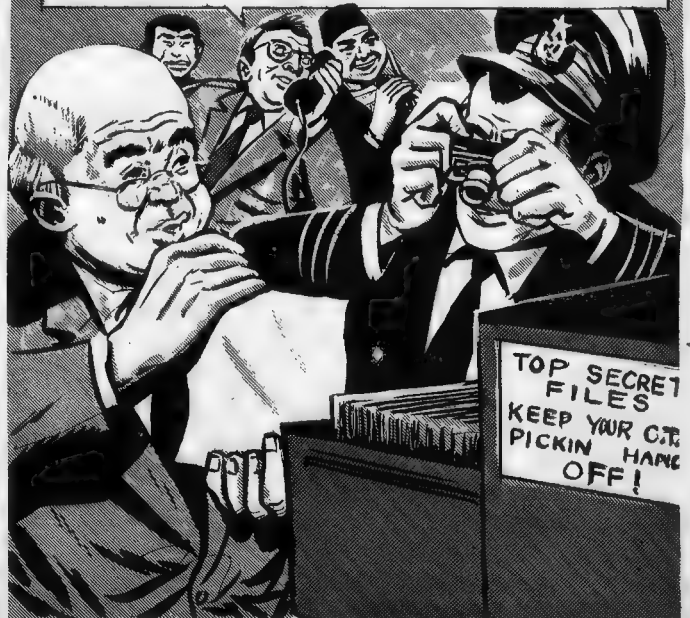
By the way, where is Viet Nam, Jack? I don't have a map in front of me. Just west of Korea. Where is Korea, Jack? I'm lost without my map. You're kidding — a war there? I must have been out of town. Just goes to show you, you learn something new every day.



Now, what was that spot you wanted me to check on? Viet Nam. Two words, Jack? No, Jack — I mean is Viet Nam two words? I've got it. Now, who is this calling again? Right, John F. Kennedy, President. Forgive me, Jack, you know how bad I am on names. We'll check up on this fellow Viet Nam right away. Oh, no trouble, Jack, that's what we're here for. Okay, Jack, say hello to Janice for me.

(PICKS UP OTHER PHONE)

Parsons, can you give me a report on Viet Nam? Two words. How the hell do I know where it is? Oh, you don't have a map either. We've got to get a map for this office. What's that? We had a man in Formosa but he defected to the Red Chinese? That's the best break we've had so far. Let's hope he took his information with him.



What's the latest report from our man in Cuba? No report—he's in prison waiting to face a firing squad? Castro can't do that! Not Castro? Kennedy???

Oh, you have the report from Viet Nam now. What does it say "Conditions quiet, natives show tendency toward being lazy and indolent." Tell our man in Viet Nam to look again — there's a war on down there. He's been spying on the wrong villages. Who is our agent in Viet Nam. Sigmund Rhee? What's the report on Rhee? "Lazy and indolent."

What's our report from India? No report this month. How come? Our agent in India only works for us part time. He works every other month for another foreign power to make some extra money? I'll buy that. A man's entitled to a part-time job. Right now, I'm writing an article for Readers' Digest — "The Most Unforgettable Character I've Ever Met". . . I'll start on it as soon as I can remember his name.

I don't mind if he's only a part-time agent for CIA as long as he can be trusted. What is the other foreign power he's spying for? Russia? That's no good, Parsons. You see, the way it's been explained to me — the Russians are the bad guys. How could you be expected to know — you haven't been briefed — you don't even have a map down there.

Couldn't we get an agent in India who works part-time for a neutral country? No, I can't name a neutral country right off hand, but there must be one. The best thing for us to do is wait until the neutral countries of the world call a conference and then choose one.

The President said there is a lot of trouble in India. He must have read it in the New York papers. Who is our agent in New York City? I see, he works part-time for Gimbel's. Is Gimbel's neutral, Parsons?

What other reports do we have, Parsons? Agent Holbrook reports he has uncovered a growing Communist block in high government places. Where is Holbrook reporting from? Moscow. I have an idea; why don't we order Holbrook to Viet Nam. We can't give Holbrook orders? He only takes orders from Allen Dulles? Dulles hired him? Doesn't he know Dulles left the CIA? He thinks it's all a trick? Are there many CIA agents like Holbrook? Over 100. You don't know where they are — they report to Dulles. Does Dulles have a list of names? He keeps it in his head and he has a lousy memory.

Let me get this straight, Parsons, there are CIA agents working in remote parts of the world that we don't know about? I'd like to meet them. Perhaps we could have an office party at Christmas time and invite them. We have plenty of time to get the word around before Christmas — how many days until Christmas, Parsons? You don't know off hand — you don't have a calendar down there, either?



I'm surprised you have a phone down there. Oh, you're calling from a phone booth . . . It's a lot safer? — This way they can't tap your phone. That's true, Parsons, but have you ever thought they might just have a man standing outside of the booth? There is? Good. Ask him if he has a calendar or a map.



THE ETHIOP

AN HISTORICAL FACT: Emperor Haile Selassie had a one-plane, one-pilot air force during the Ethiopian War against Italy. The air force consisted of a Commander-In-Chief and one pilot. Can you just imagine the scene when the "air force" was called in for a briefing?

SCENE: Briefing room. Commander enters. Pilot salutes.

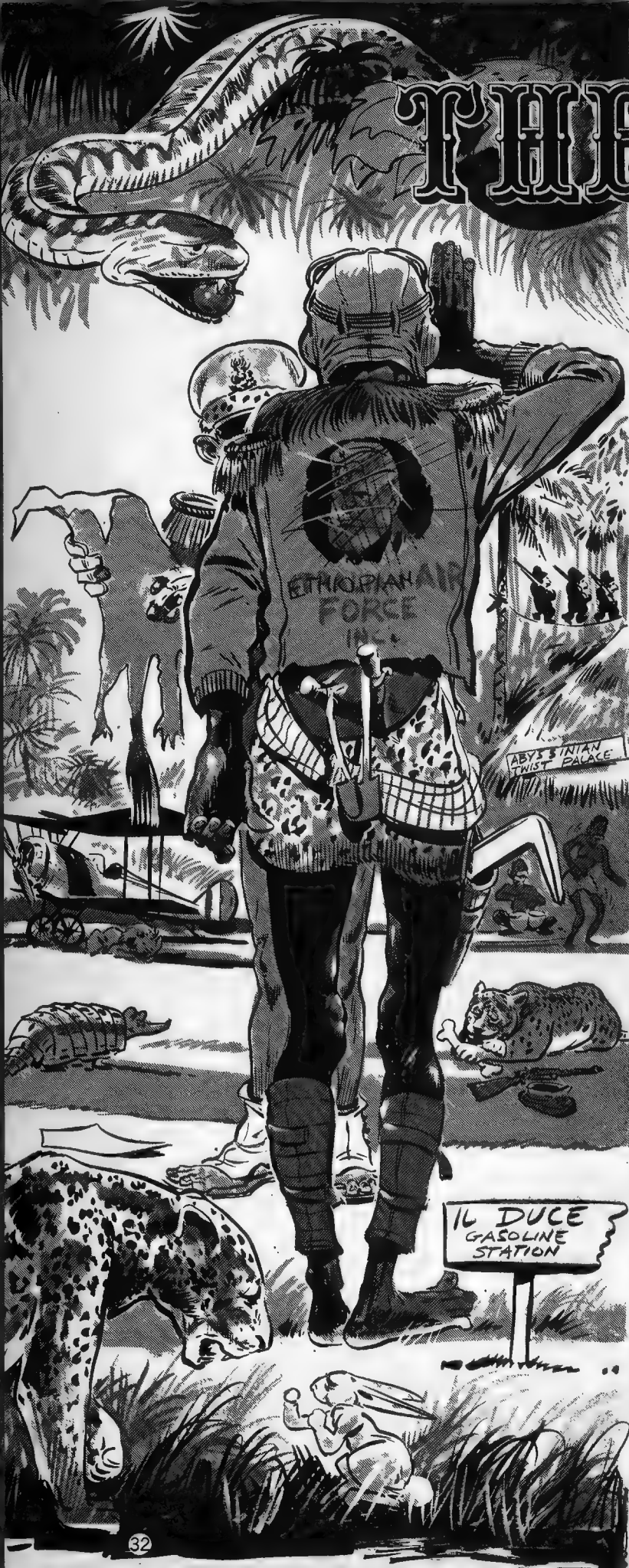
COMMANDER: At ease, Atwater. I have here orders for your first mission—you are to fly to Rome.

ATWATER: I'm going to bomb Rome?

COMMANDER: Of course not—this is a commercial flight. You are picking up our Ambassador and flying him home. Be careful not to engage any enemy planes, or fire on enemy installations or trains. That's on the way up. On the way back inflict as much damage as you can. The Italian air force numbers 30,000 planes. You'll be outnumbered 30,000 to one. You've only got one hope—to hit them while they're on the ground. Any questions?

ATWATER: Why was I made the pilot and you the commander of this air force?

COMMANDER: That's very simple—I can't fly. I'm glad you brought it up—One of your duties will be to teach another pilot to fly. That's in case the Italians get you and not the plane.



IAN AIR FORCE

ATWATER: What happens if the plane catches fire and I parachute out?

COMMANDER: Good question, but let me ask you this—where are you going to get a parachute? Your orders are to go down with the plane so you can send up flares and direct our search parties. This is the only plane we've got, we don't want to lose it.

ATWATER: I should have joined the armoured division.

COMMANDER: You can't. We only have one tank and it's filled. There are 23 Ethiopians inside that tank... Haile Selassie is one of them. What are you kicking about? You'll be the ace of the Ethiopian air force. The eyes of 3 million Ethiopians are on you—not to mention the eyes of 30,000 Italian fighter pilots.

ATWATER: I wish I had a wing man.

COMMANDER: I wish you had a wing... The plane is not in top condition—it vibrates at certain speeds.

ATWATER: What happens at high altitudes?

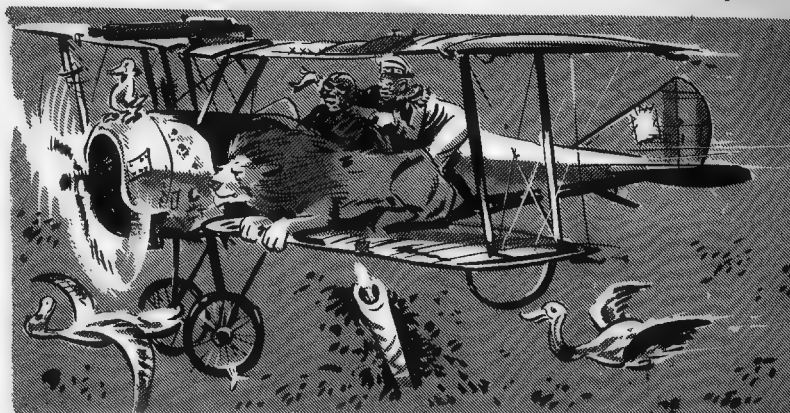
COMMANDER: Its nose bleeds.

ATWATER: Where do I take off from?

COMMANDER: You take off from the tennis court behind Haile Selassie's estate—we took the net down.

ATWATER: Boy, it's a long trip from here to Rome.

COMMANDER: What do you want us to do—we only have one plane—you expect us to build you an aircraft carrier?



ATWATER: By the way, how big is our navy?

COMMANDER: You're it. Over water you pull up your wheels and you're a seaplane. If you're shot down over water, you're a torpedo boat. By the way, on the way to Rome, I have a letter I want you to drop over Naples.

ATWATER: Why don't I drop leaflets—they're good propaganda?

COMMANDER: We thought of that, but they'd have to be printed in Ethiopian. No one in Italy understands Ethiopian. In fact, no one in Ethiopia understands Ethiopian—it's that kind of language. One other thing, when you fly in formation over Emperor Selassie's house, fly low—so you'll sound like a squadron.

ATWATER: You mean he doesn't know we've only got one plane?

COMMANDER: Of course, not—if he did, he'd never leave the tank.

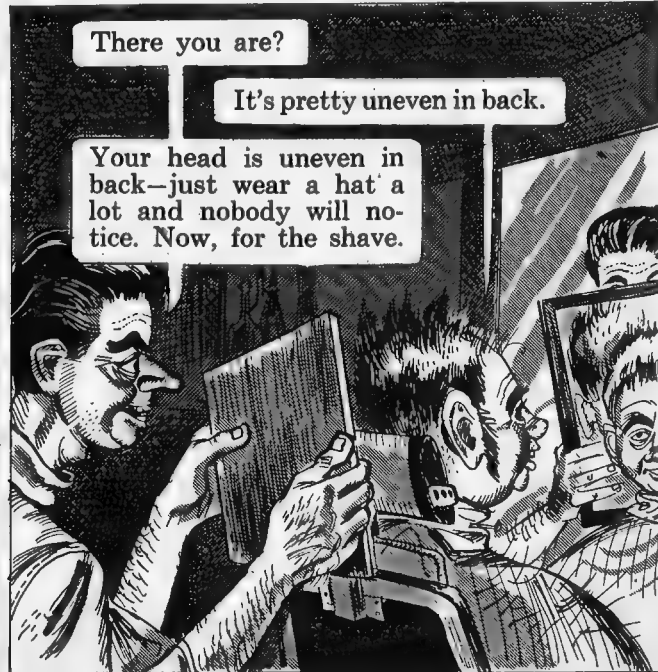
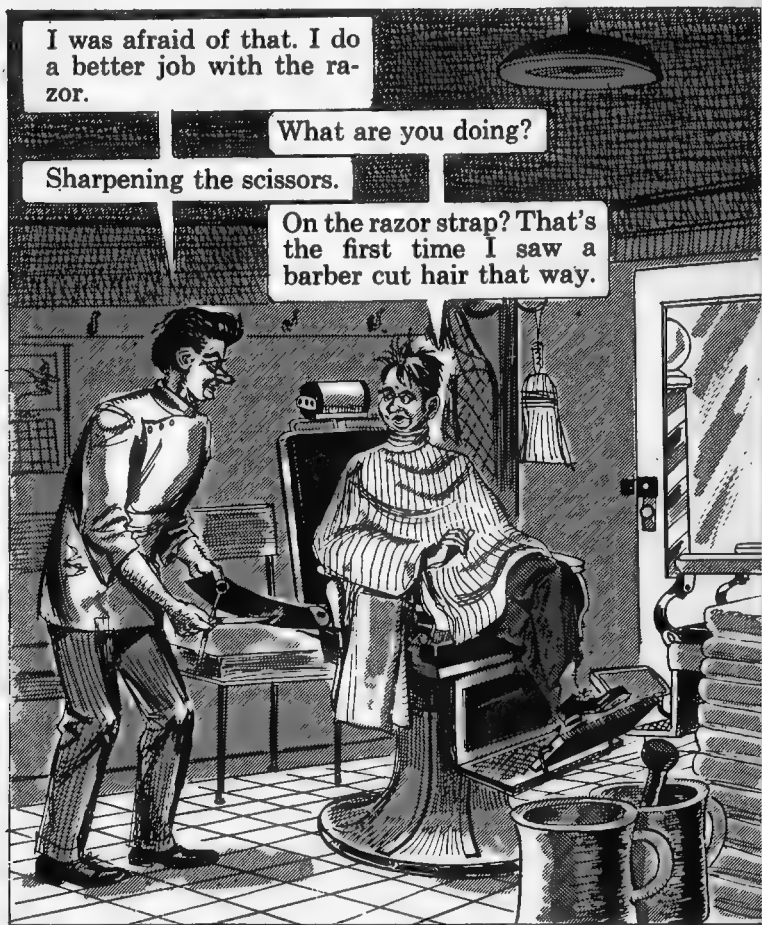
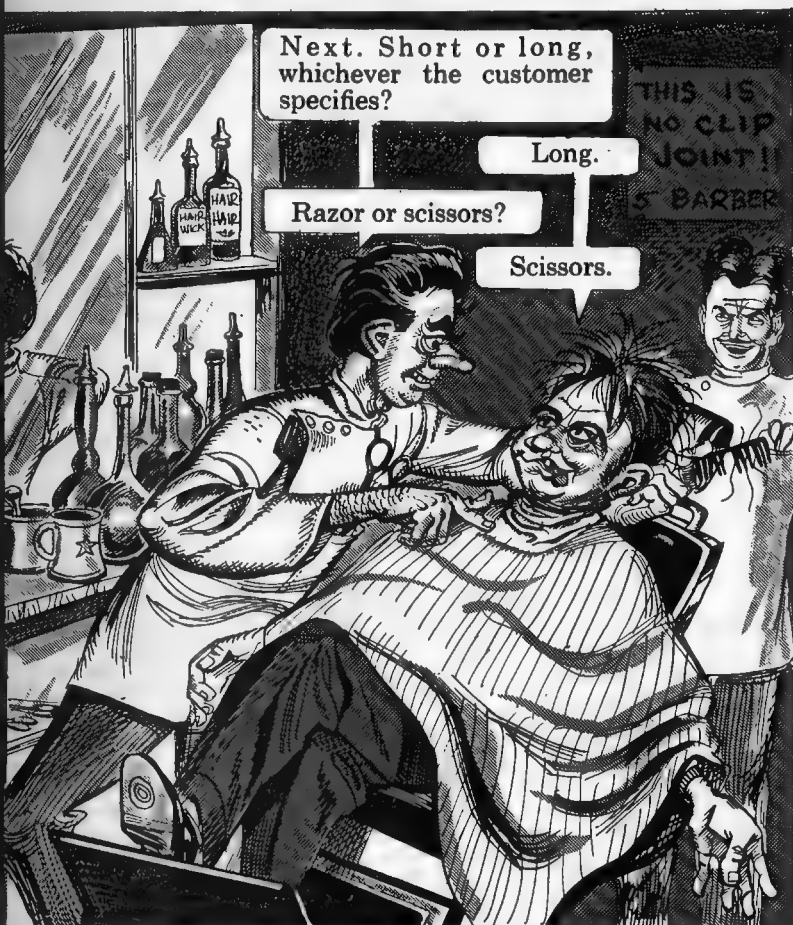
COMMANDER: As a one-man air force, your job will be to harass enemy shipping, bombard large enemy cities, cut enemy supply lines, supply air cover for our ground troops and you'll write and star in our performance of "Winged Victory"... It's a big morale builder. And, speaking of morale, the Emperor brought a letter to my attention complaining of conditions in the Ethiopian air force. Would you know who wrote that letter?

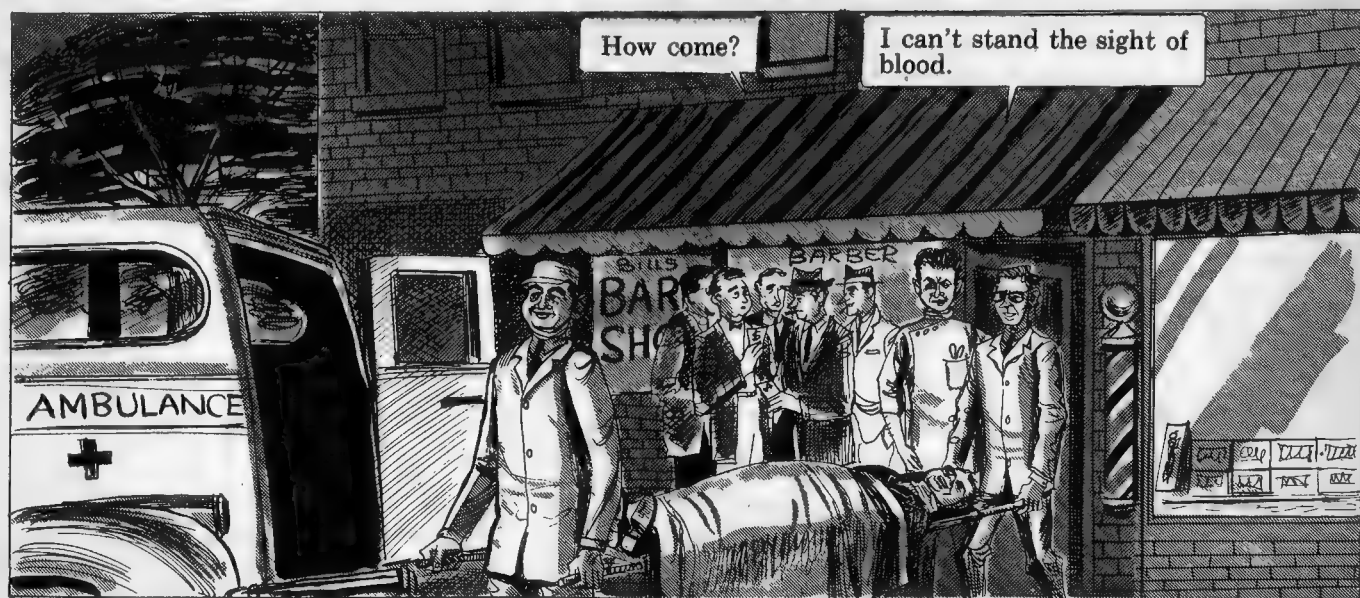
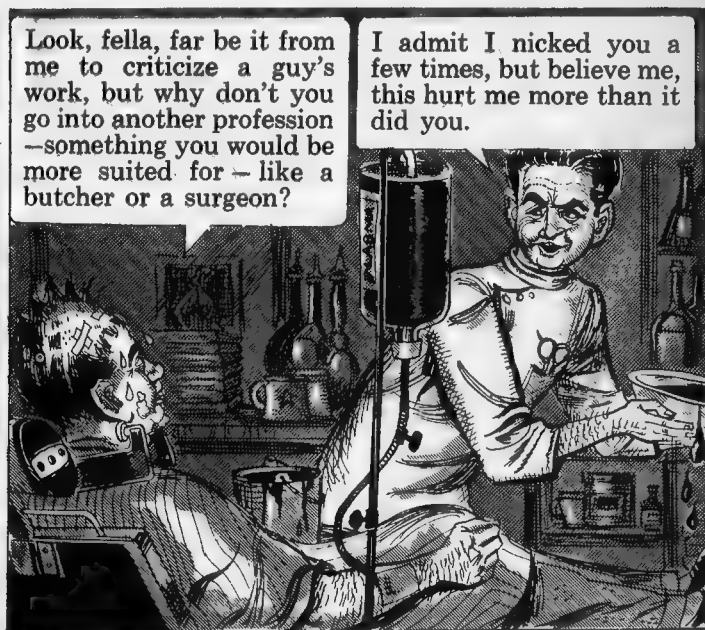
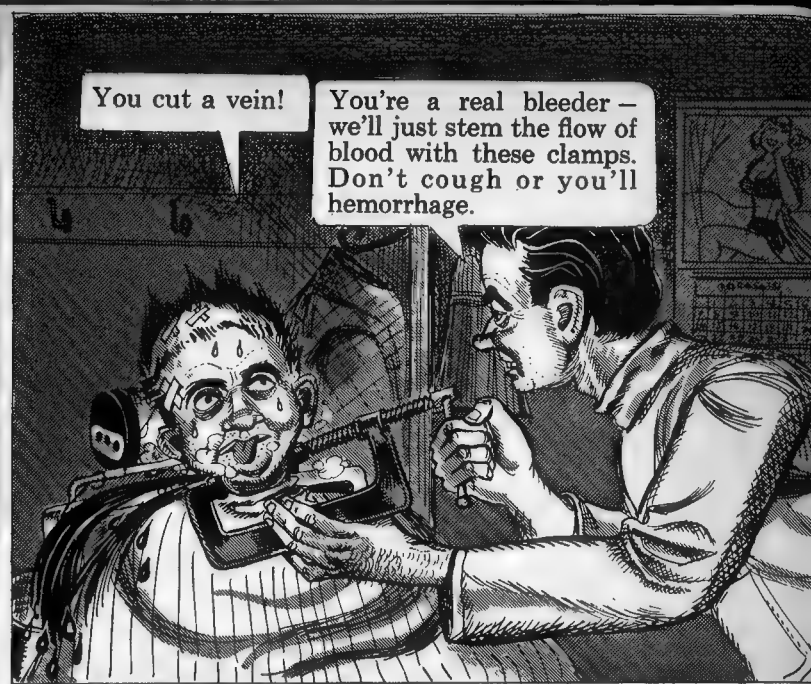
ATWATER: Maybe it was an Italian pilot.



Barbershops have always been unlucky for gangsters. One mobster got shot in one and recently a bookie was arrested in the barber's chair — by the barber, who was in reality a New York detective. This is fine police work, but what about the man who got his hair cut right BEFORE the bookie?

BARBER COPS





NEWS REPORT: Andorra, an independent state in the Pyrenees, adopted an arms budget of \$4.35 for blank cartridges for ceremonial salute of visiting dignitaries.



SICK SKIT SCRIPT KIT

Always with an ear to the pulse of the news and an eye to the furtherance of education, the editors have developed a new classroom technique known as "THE SICK SKIT SCRIPT KIT FOR CIT-ED STUDY." This is simply a book of one-act plays dramatizing interesting news items. The object is to absorb current events by acting them out.

To introduce you to the book, we have selected, as a sample, the fascinating report from Andorra (above). To play the Skit Kit Script bit, you will need a cast of three; namely, The President of Andorra. The Minister Of War and the Secretary of State. You will also need three copies of SICK. We mention this in case you are also in trouble in your arithmetic class.

You may also be interested in our next book, entitled **SNEAKY GIMMICKS TO TRIPLE THE CIRCULATION OF HUMOR MAGAZINES.**

SCENE: Capital conference room in Andorra, an independent state in the Pyrenees.

President: Gentlemen, the next item on the country's fiscal budget is arms—\$4.35 for blank cartridges to fire at ceremonial salutes to visiting dignitaries.

Minister of War: Seems I read that somewhere before.

Sec. of State: Harry, why do we shoot off blank cartridges? Why not a cannon?

Minister of War: We did that when the Portugese Minister of Health visited us, and we blew up his plane. Our cannon crew are lousy shots.

President: Why do they have to fire guns at all, why not just a cheer, "HIP, HIP HOORAY"?

Sec. of State: We could all sing "FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW"...

Minister of War: We could shoot bows and arrows into the air, they're cheap.

Minister: Do we have any men who can fire a bow and arrow?

Min. of War: No—but we don't have any men who can fire rifles either. That's why we use blanks.

EDUCATION

Sec. of State: Last year our blanks only cost \$3.75—this year, it's \$4.35. What are we doing—entering the arms race?

Minister: It's a necessary expense. When a visiting dignitary comes here, the President has to shoot off something.

Minister of War: Let him shoot off his mouth.

President: I don't understand why the honor guard has to be so bad. What happened to our marksmen?

Minister: They became snipers.

President: Can't THEY shoot a salute to visiting dignitaries?

Min. of War: No, they're too busy shooting AT visiting dignitaries.

President: Where do we buy the blank cartridges?

Sec. of State: From Spain.

President: I don't understand that—for a lousy \$4.35, we have to do business with a dictatorship?

Sec. of State: We could get them from Tito for free, but if he gives you ammunition, he thinks he owns you.

Min. of War: I think it's a feasible expen-

diture. After all if we had to give visiting dignitaries a 21-gun salute, we'd go broke.

Minister: Why do we have to shoot off any guns at all—why can't we just meet the foreign diplomat at the airport and lay out a red carpet?

President: Firing of the guns is a show of force.

Minister: If you want to show force, use dynamite—we could blow up a hangar—or a visiting dignitary—that would show force.

Sec. of State: That might get us in a war—and we can't wage a war.

Min. of War: Why not?

Sec. of State: We don't have any budget for that.

President: I think the cartridges are a good investment—you know what Teddy Roosevelt said: "Talk softly but carry a big stick."

Minister: Maybe we ought to just wave big sticks at the visiting dignitary.

President: That's no good.

Minister: Why not?

President: Because we get more visiting dignitaries here than you can shake a stick at!



THE OPERATION



Comments by Sickmund

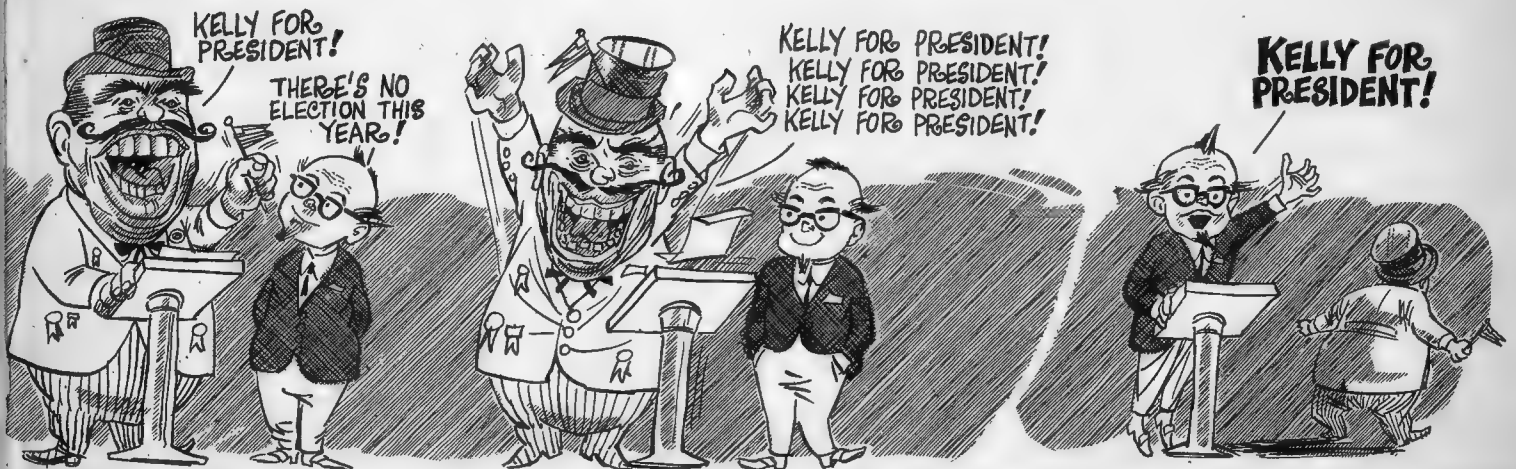
on sickiatry



on conformity



on politics



\$100 in Prizes for Each Contest

SICK GOOFED!

Yes, it finally happened. SICK made a proofreading mistake. In our August issue which comes out in November (if we're lucky), we ran a contest (below) and the closing date for entries was listed as May 15, 1962. Well, when we at the SICK office read that and realized our mistake, we laughed and laughed and laughed.

Our proofreader, Sonny Liston, has a lot of things on his mind other than getting dates right—he is more interested in fights. We are going to rectify (Check the spelling on that one, Sonny, under "r") the wrong by prolonging the contest so that the closing date will be

the same as the current contest. This way you will have a chance at two prizes. How's that for fair play?

For some reason SICK readers are the pickiest in the world—If they find a half dozen words misspelled in the issue or a few historical facts inaccurate, they feel obligated to tell us about it. Look, nobody's perfect. (What's that, Sonny? It's not under "r"? Rectify is not under "r". You're going to try "Q"? Good thinking. If he wasn't so big— —).

It's amazing how quick people are to jump at other people's imperfections. (Look under "l" for that one, Sonny. You're still searching for "rectify"? Drop "rectify". If it's wrong,

how many of our readers will know? Only one caught us on "Volkswagon").

What do they think SICK is, a grammar book? We just want a few laughs, we're not trying to change the world. Look, they made mistakes with the Bible, like not sewing up the film rights. Live and let live is our motto. If you say this is a sloppy magazine we might not agree with you, but we'll fight until death your right to say it. After all, we don't point out your mistakes, no matter how glaring they may be. (Sonny...Where'd he go? The phone rang and he knocked out the telephone operator? She always was a sucker for a left hook).

Contest A

Repeated from August issue



Contest B

Here is this month's contest (For a closer look turn to the back cover). Do you recognize any of these celebrities? We'll give you a BROAD hint. One of them is Liz Taylor. Leo Morey has used Liz in practically every contest this year. We asked our resident psychiatrist about this. The way he explained it, Leo thinks he's Marc Anthony. Actually, Leo has got us worried. After the Eichmann hanging, he came into the SICK office saying, "I told you so—he got a suspended sentence." You can't let a guy out on the street talking like that.

For the benefit of new readers, SICK shells out fifty bucks for the most celebrities identified correctly and ten dollars each for the next five. In case of ties, prizes will be split. Judges' decisions are final. Contest closes August 15th, 1962. Results will be printed in the December Issue (Volume 3, number 3). Send entries to.

**Contest,
SICK Magazine
32 West 22nd Street
New York 10, N. Y.**



THE WINNERS OF THE "PLACE-THE-FACE" CONTEST IN THE JUNE ISSUE ARE:

First Prize—\$50.00

Janice Bell
9 Estes Street
Lynn, Mass.

Five runners-up split \$50.00

Miss Judith Ponko \$10.00
12 Prentiss Road
New Brunswick, New Jersey

Mrs. Frank Denny \$10.00
Box 97
Jefferson, Pa.

Nickie Sands \$10.00
345 East 61st Street
New York 21, N.Y.

Evelyn Lipschutz \$10.00
1307 Manoa Road
Penn Wynne 51, Pa.

Miss Becki Darling \$10.00
P.O. Box 48
Seneca Castle, New York

Answers to June contest:

1. Anthony Armstrong Jones 2. Richard Boone
3. Pipa Scott 4. Yves Montand 5. Jerry Lewis
6. Yul Brynner 7. Nina Khrushchev 8. Nikita
Khrushchev 9. Debbie Reynolds 10. Harry Karl
11. Dean Martin 12. Sammy Davis, Jr. 13. Frank
Sinatra 14. Elizabeth Taylor 15. Juliet Prowse
16. Dorothy Provine 17. Janet Leigh 18. Jimmy
Durante 19. Nick Adams 20. Tuesday Weld 21.
Jane Fonda 22. Red Buttons 23. France Nuyen
24. Gardner McKay 25. Dr. Sickmund 26. Van
Cliburn 27. Joanne Woodward 28. Diane McBain
29. Hope Lange 30. Donald May 31. Gene Krupa
32. Benny Goodman 33. Al Hirt 34. Jason
Robards 35. Bobby Rydell

Art by
Leo Morey



HEADLINE: GRACE KELLY RESUMES MOVIE CAREER

SCENE: Set of Grace's first movie. Director Alfred Hitchcock addresses cast and crew.



Quiet on the set please . . . Thank you. As you know Princess Grace is the star of this film. A lot of you probably have never worked with royalty before. The only time I did myself was in a film I did with Count Basie. When Princess Grace arrives, you'll all curtsy. The Princess will have her own make-up man, her own camera man, her own dressing-room, and her own phone—it will be a Princess phone . . . I think you should know that being a Princess is a big step down for Miss Kelly. Before she married Prince Rainier, she would act like she was a queen. In this film, Grace will play the role of an international jewel thief. Casting the Princess in this role has caused a great deal of criticism—from international jewel thieves.

Once we start shooting the picture the only difference will be that in the torrid love scenes the leading man can only kiss Grace on the hand.

I'll kiss her on the hand?

Listen, before her marriage she used a double for her love scenes. In those days you would have to make love to a stunt man.

Here she is

Cast, may I introduce, Princess Grace of Monaco.

Who dares to smoke in my presence?

Her marriage hasn't changed her.

BINGO

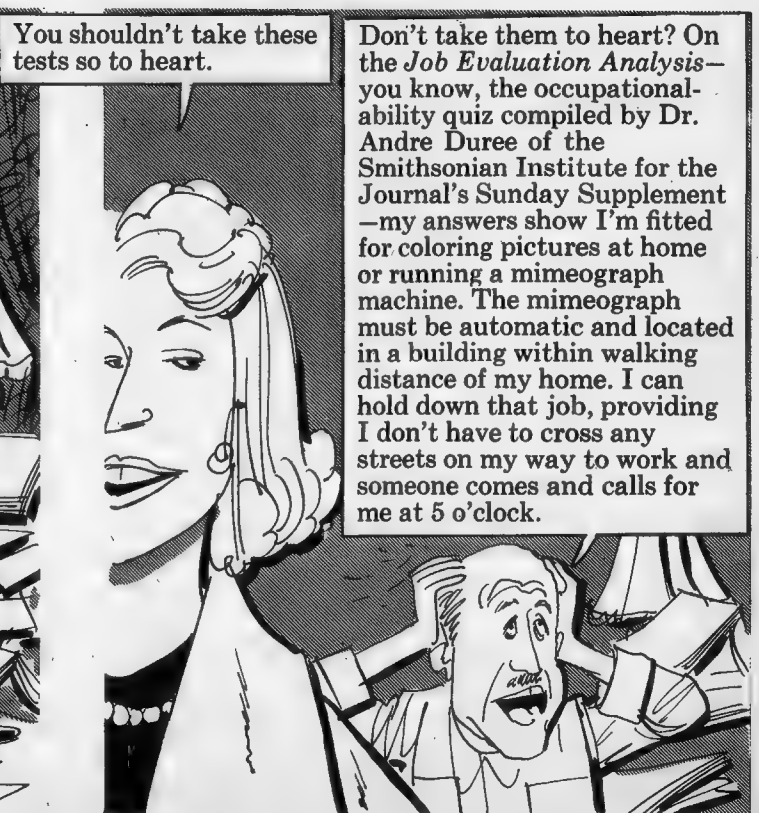
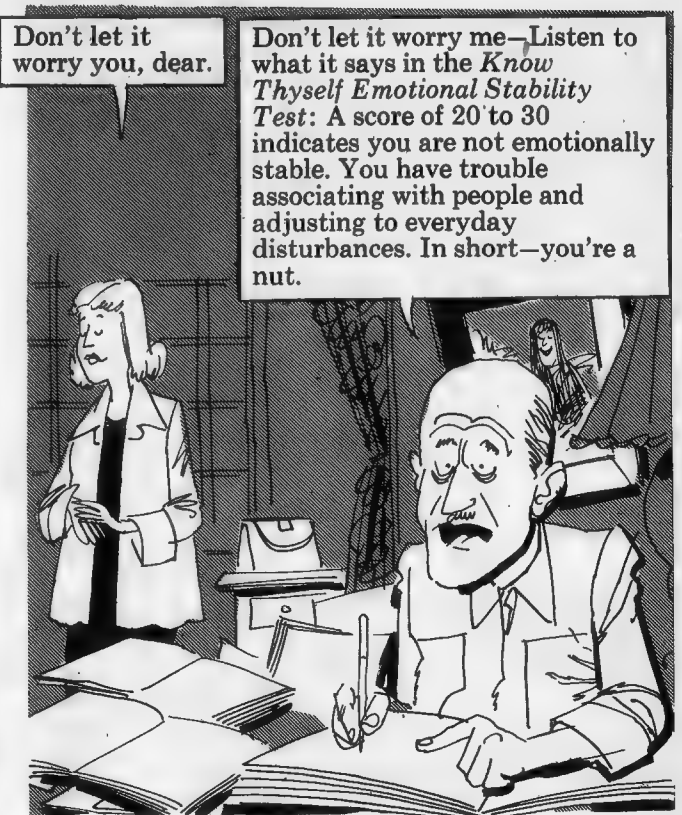
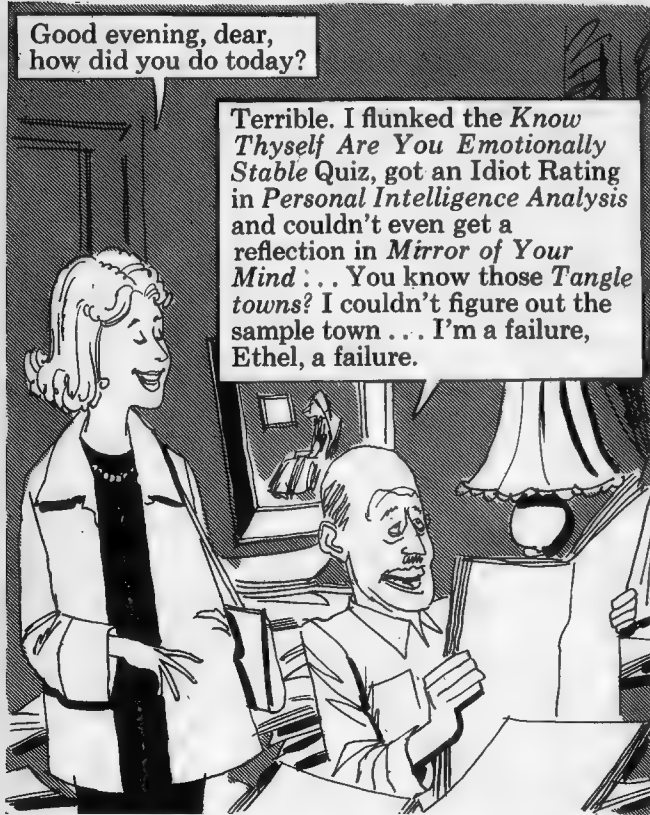
MONACO

CRAPS
IN
MONACO!

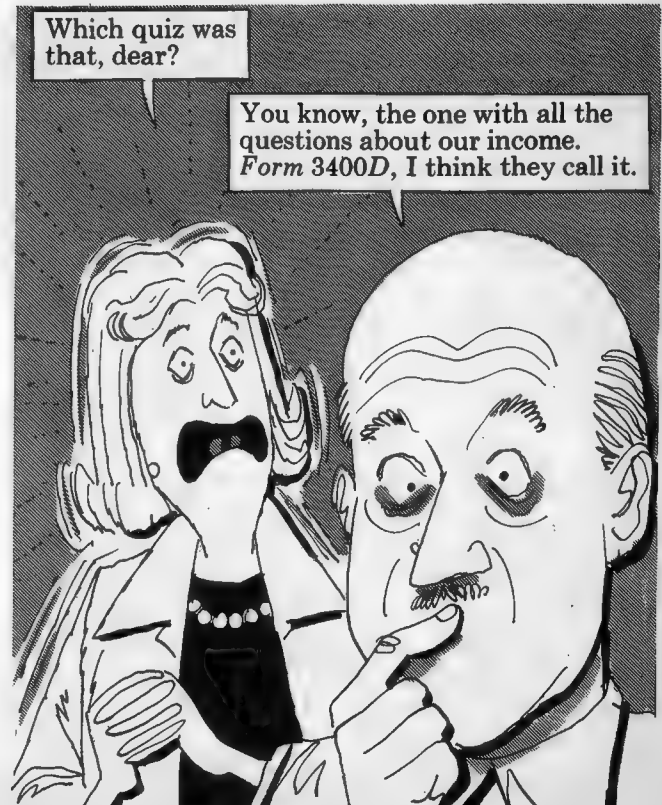
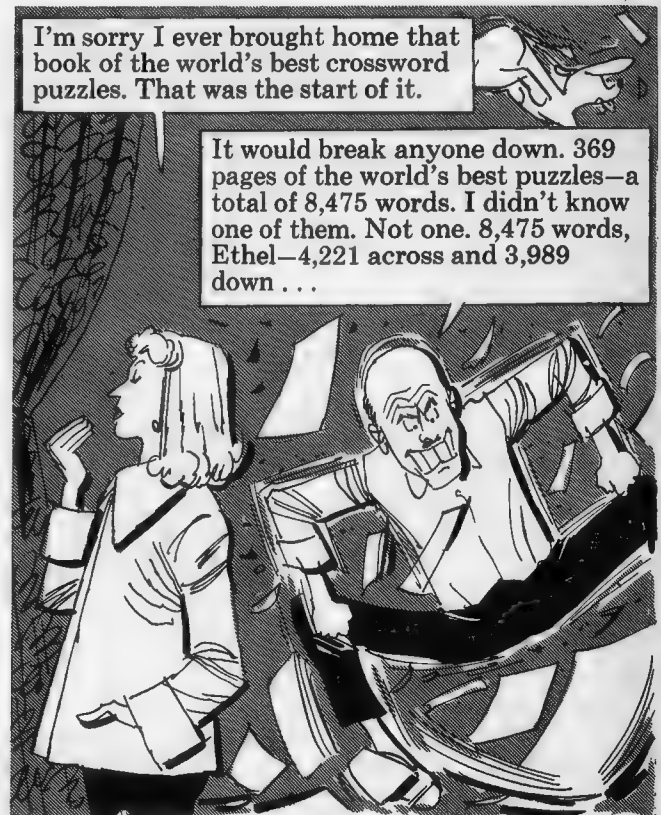
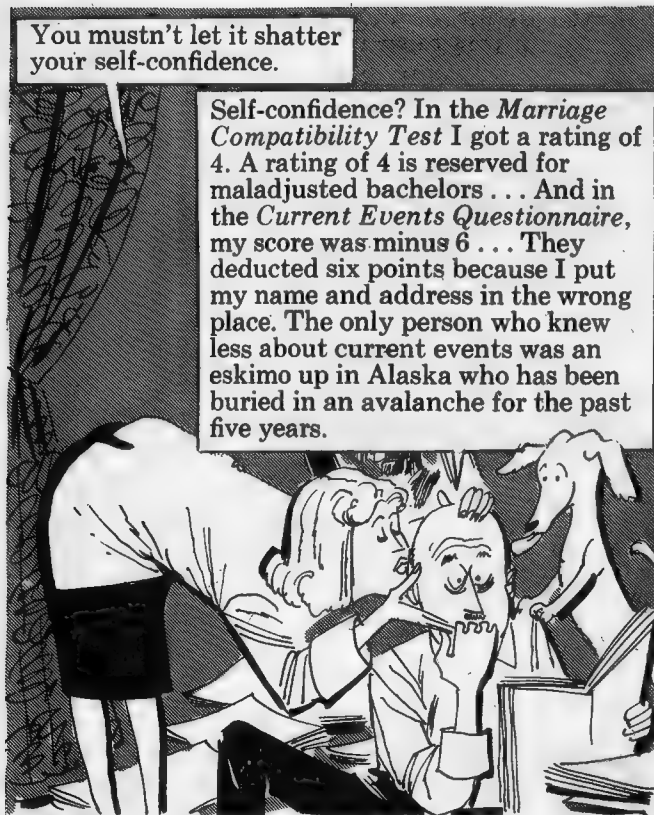


Personality Quiz

SCENE: Living room. The lady of the house returns from work.



Psychology is very big today. A guy was invited to a Come-As-You-Are Party and he couldn't remember who he was.

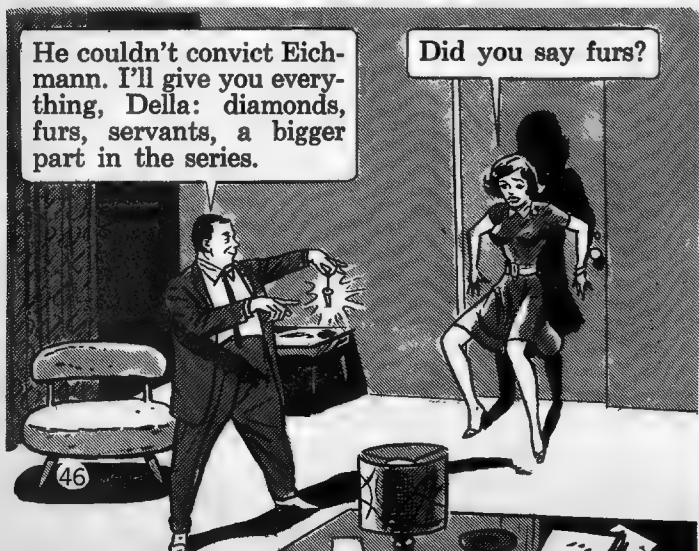
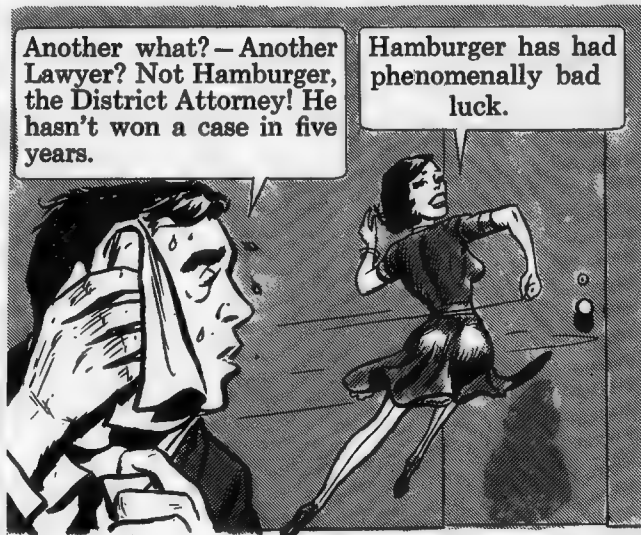
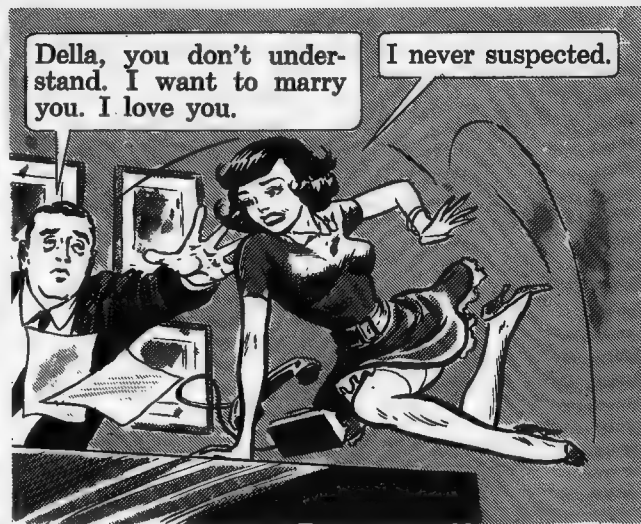
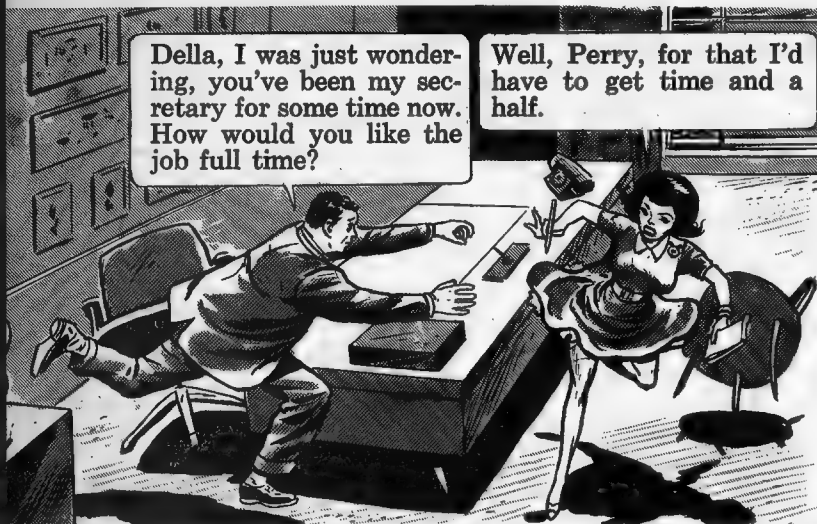


TV

TV WEDDINGS

When Hennessey, TV's favorite Navy Doctor, got married recently, the whole country cried. We wonder if Jackie Cooper's nuptials might not lead to a whole rash of weddings on video, like this —

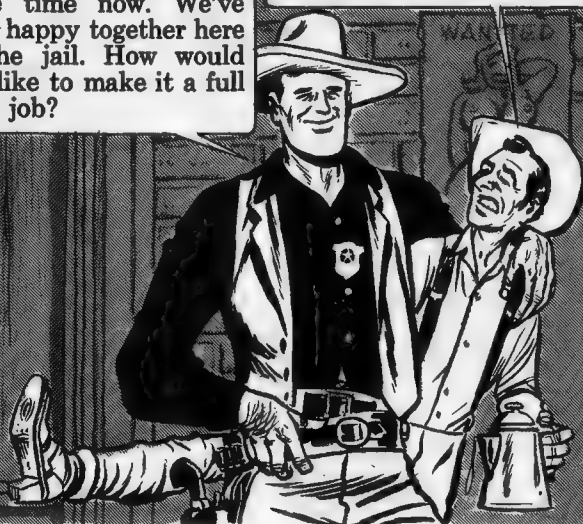
SCENE: Office of Perry Mason. Perry is speaking to his loyal secretary, Della Street.



SCENE: Jail, Dodge City. Marshal Dillon addresses his deputy Chester.

Chester, I think it's time I settled down. We've known each other for some time now. We've been happy together here in the jail. How would you like to make it a full time job?

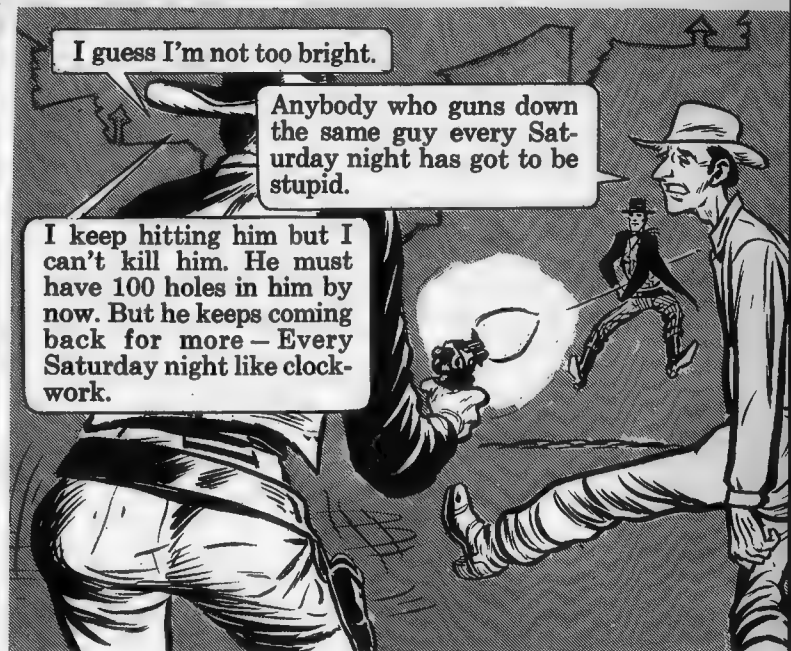
Mr. Dillon, why are you so stupid? We can't get married. We're both boys.



I guess I'm not too bright.

Anybody who guns down the same guy every Saturday night has got to be stupid.

I keep hitting him but I can't kill him. He must have 100 holes in him by now. But he keeps coming back for more - Every Saturday night like clock-work.



SCENE: Kitty's bar.

If you want to settle down in a nice little cottage, why don't you go speak to Miss Kitty?

Why? Is she handling real estate around here now?



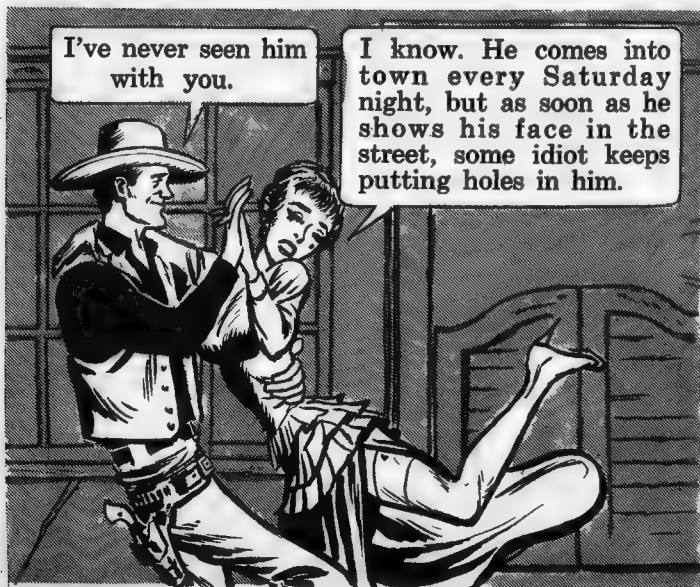
Miss Kitty, will you marry me? We'll have our own apartment over the jail.

Sorry, Matt, my heart belongs to another. He's the Marshal at Tombstone.

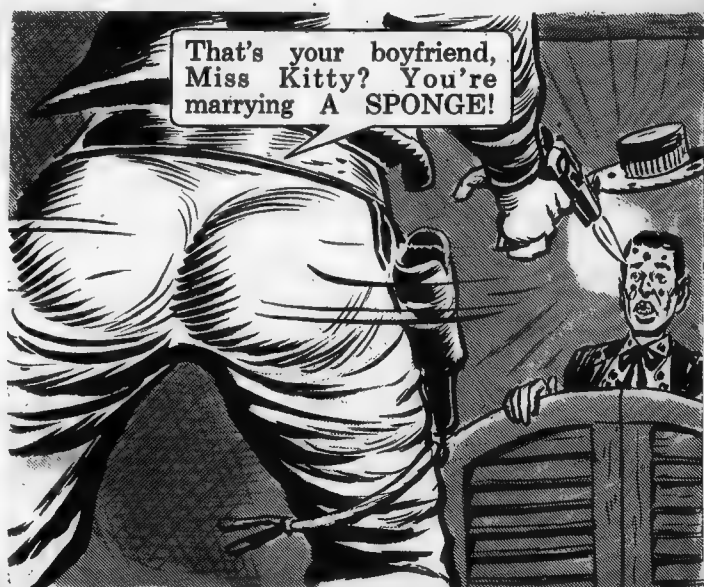


I've never seen him with you.

I know. He comes into town every Saturday night, but as soon as he shows his face in the street, some idiot keeps putting holes in him.



That's your boyfriend, Miss Kitty? You're marrying A SPONGE!



LIZ and RICHARD

Art by Bob Powell

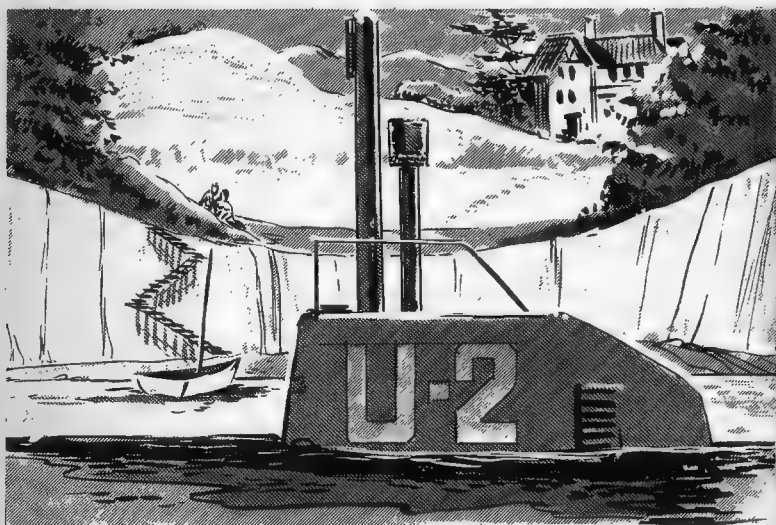


At dinner it was easy for the photographer to ply his trade. Disguised as a waiter, he had a miniature Japanese camera hidden in the bow tie — Burton's bow tie. But to show you how ingenious the photog-

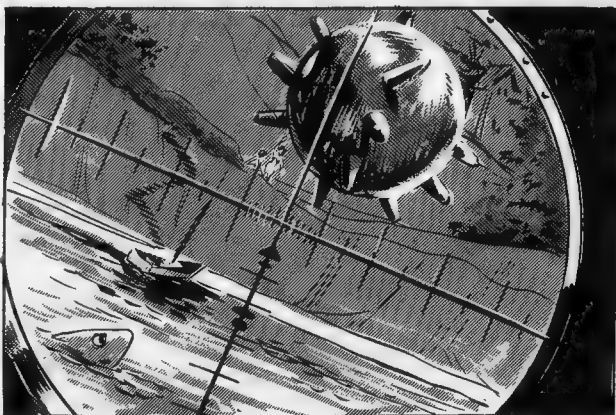
In our eyes, the real story of the Liz Taylor-Richard Burton idyll is not about the principles involved, but in that ingenious group of Italian photographers who have used every devious means imaginable to photograph the two celebrities. The photographers are called "Paparazzi" which is an Italian word. In English "Paparazzi" means "With Cheese." Here is a photo album of the Liz Taylor-Richard Burton attempts to escape the "Paparazzi"...



rapher is, he couldn't get a real miniature Japanese camera so he took a Poloroid, cut it in half and slanted the lens. It gave pictures in 30 seconds — slanted pictures.



To escape the photographers, Liz and Richard went for a picnic on the seashore, where the Photographer employed a submarine and got his pictures through the sub's periscope.



Of course, all the pictures came out with an + through them. Liz won this round — in her lunch basket she had wisely packed some depth charges.



Next, Liz and Richard hied away to a country villa surrounded by a seven foot wall. The photographer merely used an eight foot tripod and got some great



Then, Liz and Richard went for a ride on the Italian countryside to escape prying camera eyes. Here again, the photographers were too fast for them. They converted a toll station into a photo booth. Liz and Richard fell for it, although Liz got a little



The most ingenious photos of all were those taken of Burton when he went to London to spend a weekend with his wife. The photographer posed as Sybil Burton and got some marvelously intimate shots of Burton and the Burton children. Burton caught on to the deception at bedtime when he



On the movie set . . . This was the one place photographers could not get candid pictures of the pair, because Director Joseph Mankiewicz banned all cameras on the set of "Cleopatra." . . . Unfortunately, legitimate camera crews for the picture took this rule to also prohibit motion picture cameras. That's



shots of Liz and Richard, showing the top of their heads, before Liz let loose a brace of hounds she happened to have in her lunch basket.



suspicious when the attendant asked them to step into the booth and pull the curtain to pay the toll. Burton thought it was a voting machine and cast his ballot for better roads.

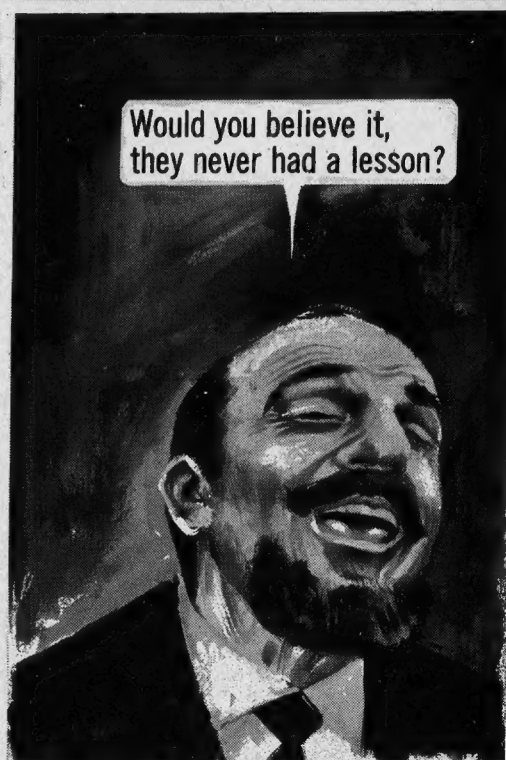


switched off the lights to go to sleep and his "wife" began developing pictures. This struck Burton as strange. When he discovered the true identity of his "wife," Burton kept his discovery secret so as not to upset the children who had gotten quite attached to the Italian photographer by this time.



why it's taking so long to film the picture. But this fact doesn't bother Director Mankiewicz, who just smiles and says: "Remember Rome wasn't built in a day. All the real action took place at night." Obviously, this was also the case with the filming of "Cleopatra."

SING-A-LONG



DOG ACT



Tell your sister to stop
biting my leg or I'll
blast you.



"PLACE THE FACE"

BIG DOUBLE- HEADER CASH CONTEST

*See details
inside*

